

CUP-FINAL FREE TRIPS. CONTEST CLOSING. TRY TO-DAY.

PEARSON'S

£1,000

Free Insurance



WEEK

35
YEARS'
SOLITARY
CONFINEMENT
STARTS INSIDE

No. 1079.

REGISTERED FOR
TRANSMISSION TO CANADA.

WEEK ENDING MARCH 23, 1911.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



This Charming Waltz

and a trial bottle of Wincarnis is offered to you

FREE

The Wincarnis Waltz has been specially composed for us by James M. Glover, Esq., Director of Music, Drury Lane Theatre, London. A copy of this charming Waltz—full music size, printed on good quality paper—will be sent you, together with a trial bottle of "Wincarnis," on receipt of the Coupon below. As an enormous response is anticipated, we urge you to

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY

COLEMAN & CO. Ltd.,
W 32, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

Please send me a copy of the 'Wincarnis' Waltz and a trial bottle of 'Wincarnis,' I enclose 3 penny stamps for postage.

NAME

ADDRESS

P.W., March 23, 11.

SPECIAL NOTE.—If you have already had a trial bottle of "Wincarnis," simply send a Postcard for a free copy of the "Wincarnis" Waltz.

WINCARNIS

**OUR
NEW, SHORT SERIAL
THE
BLACKMAILER
STARTS
NEXT WEEK.**

PEARSON'S

**TO INTEREST
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.** **WEEKLY.**

No. 1079.

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATES.

WEEK ENDING MARCH 23, 1911.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

ONE PENNY.

THE NEW PIGEON PLAGUE.

EVERYWHERE throughout England war is being declared against the pigeon, whose numbers have so increased of late as to constitute a veritable plague.

In the Isle of Wight the other day nearly one thousand guns were posted in covers all over the island, very large bags being made; and in Essex and other parts of the country similar battues have been, or are being, organised.

The reason for this wholesale slaughter is, of course, the damage done by the birds to the growing crops. The pigeon is a greedy feeder. A full-grown bird has been known to devour its own weight in grain in a single day.

Moreover, they will eat almost anything that is eatable. In the Isle of Wight, for instance, whole fields of turnips have been completely stripped of their tops, and similar havoc has been wrought amongst the clover.

It is, however, later on in the year, and especially during seed time and harvest time, that their depredations are most apparent. Nothing comes amiss to them. They will clear a field of young peas or beans bare in an afternoon. They devour all kinds of fruit, and spoil more than they eat. They will even invade gardens, and pull to pieces the choicest flowers in order to feast upon the tiny drop of nectar that is found at the base of the petals.

Agriculturists are not agreed as to the cause of the plague of pigeons, but it is no doubt partly attributable to the destruction by gamekeepers and others of the hawks, their natural enemies.

MILLBOY MILLIONAIRES.

MR. JAMES HODGKINSON, of Manchester, the ex-millboy who has become famous by the sale to America for a million pounds of an invention which is expected to revolutionise the salt industry, is not the only working-man upon whom fortune has smiled in similar fashion.

Without going so far back as the days of Stephenson, Watts, or Arkwright, a modern parallel case is that of Mergenthaler, the inventor of the linotype machine. He was a weekly wage-earner in a factory when he hit upon the idea, and was a millionaire within less than a year afterwards.

Argand, who invented the burner named after him, was a working-man, and so poor that his wife grudged the few pennies he spent on his experiments. He, too, died a millionaire. Charles Depoele, the inventor of the under-running trolley for electric tramcars, was another workman whose idea netted him over a million sterling.

Not one million pounds only, but several, were the reward of Auguste Klootz, the working brick-maker who invented the artificial stone named after him, and with which the streets of Berlin, Vienna, and many other continental cities are largely paved. W. L. Bundy, a workman himself, invented the workmen's time recorder, and was lifted from poverty to affluence in the course of a few months.

Then there was L. C. Crowell, the printer's labourer who invented the Crowell folder, the contrivance which first made possible the present enormous editions of many-paged periodicals and newspapers. He, too, reaped a fortune from his invention.

VERY BASE.

It was at a London police court, a man was being summoned for assault.

"Why did you assault the plaintiff?" inquired the magistrate.

"He called me a basement," exclaimed the prisoner.

"Called you a basement? That's rather peculiar. Why did you call this man a basement?"

"Becos 'e is a basement," replied the prosecutor. "'E's a coal-seller, and if that ain't a basement, I don't know what is."

The case was adjourned to give the Court time to recover.

"BIFKINS yawned dreadfully when Doctor Doseall was telling that funny story last night."

"Yes, but the doctor got even with him, he sent Bifkins a bill for inspecting his throat."

"I'll teach you to play at pitch and toss," roared the angry father. "I'll flog you for an hour on end."

"Father," said the incorrigible, balancing a penny on his finger, "I'll toss you to make it two hours or nothing."

THE TWO ROBBERS.

The burglar sighed and shook his head

In impotent despair,

Then quietly he crept away

To try his luck elsewhere.

Ha, what was it he'd seen, my friends,

In that suburban room—

A man in blue, a dog, a gun,

A spectre from the tomb?

Oh, no! He knew he'd come too late,

And that was why he'd flown;

A freshly settled plumber's bill

Was lying there—alone!

MISTRESS (to servant, about to be married): "And where did you meet your young man, Mary?"

Mary: "Oh, at uncle's funeral, mum. He was the life and soul of the party!"

SHOPPER: "What do you mean by such items in your bill as, 'One handful of raisins. Ten lumps of sugar. Three pocketfuls of almonds?'"

Grocer: "It means, madam, that people who bring their children with them when they come shopping must take the consequences!"

FREE LIST SUSPENDED.

"I WANT free tickets for the show to-night," said the man at the box-office.

"Free list entirely suspended, sir," said the ticket-seller.

"You misunderstand me. I want free tickets—"

"I tell you, sir, the free list is suspended."

"But I am—"

"I don't care who you are. Even if you are a friend of the manager, cousin of the leading actor, or father of the author of the piece, you won't get free tickets."

"You don't understand. I want free tickets. One, two, free. I can't help lisping. I want free tickets. Ha! Ha! Not a bad joke, eh? Free tickets, please."

"Sorry, sir, but the seats are all booked up!"

THE WORLD'S MOST AMAZING PRISONER.

NEVER so long as the world lasts will a judge deliver another sentence on a prisoner such as that which Jesse Pomeroy, whose amazing life story starts in this number, is now undergoing.

Extraordinary and unique as the sentence was when, thirty-five years ago, it was pronounced, the very fact that it has been going on relentlessly all these years makes Jesse Pomeroy stand out as one of the wonders of the criminal world.

The horror and indignation which he stirred up in the minds of his fellow-countrymen by his crimes is only now slowly turning to pity, and it may be that in a few months the prison doors will open and that Jesse Pomeroy will be permitted to spend his few remaining years in freedom.

Turn now to page 603 and start reading this remarkable true story.

He: "Funny thing about Miss Pretty. She was going to give a whistling solo to Mr. Dashleigh, and when she puckered up her mouth he thought it was an invitation to kiss her."

She: "Did he? Was—was her mouth puckered—er—like this?"

HOTEL CLERK: "Another guest complained this morning that his room had been burgled during the night!"

Proprietor: "Great Scott! this sort of thing must be stopped! The last three men robbed here didn't have money enough left to pay their hotel bills!"

FORTUNES IN FIGHTING SUITS.

TWENTY thousand pounds seems a stiff price to give for a suit of old armour, yet, according to the evidence in Lord Chesterfield's recent case, this was the amount which an American millionaire was willing to pay.

One wonders how much some of the more elaborate coats of mail worn in the fourteenth century would fetch nowadays. That period certainly marked the wildest extravagance in war suits that the world has ever seen.

No knight considered himself smartly turned out unless his armour was plentifully inlaid with gold, while the belt which he wore round his waist was generally made of plaques of precious metals, jewelled, and hung with pendants.

Edward II. gave his favourite, Piers Gaveston, a suit of red-gold armour studded with jacinths. It had a collar of gold roses, set with turquoise stones, and, to crown all, the head-piece was sown thickly with large and very beautiful pearls.

It may not have been a great success in keeping off blows, but the lucky Piers must certainly have cut a fine figure when he sauntered about in the sunshine. Perhaps the most handsome bit of armour existing to-day is the russet and gilt suit belonging to the Earl of Pembroke, which his remote ancestor, William, Earl of Pembroke, wore when commanding the English Army at the Battle of St. Quentin.

FREE SEATS FOR CORONATION PROCESSION
AND FREE TRIPS TO LONDON (more particulars later).

Bright and Brief

STRONG TEA.

ALDERMAN EDWARD WHITE, the new Chairman of the London County Council, is an admirable man for the post, for he is not only thoroughly well acquainted with municipal life in this country, but he has also learned a great deal through extensive travel in other countries.

He tells an amusing story of an experience in America. On board the train one day he called the waiter and ordered a bottle of wine. The waiter said he was sorry, but as the train was just then travelling through a "prohibition" State, he was unable to serve the passengers with anything but temperance refreshments. Mr. White protested, but the waiter was firm.

"Have you got a teapot?" Mr. White asked.

"Yes, sir," replied the waiter.

Mr. White saw a way out of the difficulty. "Very well, then, pour a bottle of wine into the teapot and bring it to me."

In due course the waiter appeared bearing a tray on which were a teapot, a cup and saucer, milk, sugar, and hot water.

"Well," remarked Mr. White, as he gaily poured out a cupful of the best Californian wine from a temperance teapot, "I suppose I must be content with tea, after all."

But he took it without milk or sugar!

A BUSY SNAKE.

MENTION of "prohibition" States recalls the story told to "Mabon," the Right Hon. William Abraham, M.P., by Mark Twain. Mark wanted some whisky, and was told that he couldn't have it in that State. Whisky was sold as a medicine, however, for instance, to anybody who had been bitten by a snake.

"Are there any snakes about here?" Mark asked.

"Yes, I believe a man in the next street keeps one," was the reply.

Mark set off to interview the snake, and found a string of people, three-deep, waiting to be bitten!

FRYING-PAN AND FIRE.

THE excitement over the Ginnell-Wedgwood-Speaker incident make topical a story of Mr. Lowther, the present Speaker.

One day an M.P. remarked to Mr. Gully, Mr. Lowther's private secretary, "I don't know what we should do without Mr. Lowther; he's the best Speaker the House of Commons has ever had." Then it occurred to him that this was perhaps scarcely a tactful thing to say to Mr. Gully, himself the son of an earlier Speaker.

Somewhat embarrassed, he unburdened himself to the first brother M.P. he met.

"Oh, I've just said such a stupid thing!" he exclaimed. "I've told young Gully I thought Lowther quite the best Speaker we've ever had."

"I dare say!" commented the gentleman spoken to. It didn't take the unlucky M.P. five seconds to remember that the man he was now speaking to was Mr. Peel, the son of a still earlier Speaker.

"PRESENT COMPANY."

MR. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY is telling a good story. One day he was chatting in the lobby of the House of Commons with Sir Henry Dalziel and Mr. Wedgwood. He expressed the opinion that there were not more than half-a-dozen really honest politicians in the House.

"Who are the other three?" asked Sir Henry Dalziel.

HURRY UP!

SIR JOSEPH LYONS, who says he is preparing a musical comedy, is certainly one of the most versatile men in England. The other day he was giving some hints on brevity in story-telling.

The long-winded story-teller, he says, is to his audience what the motorist was to the old villager in the following story.

Sir Joseph was motoring through a tiny village in Somersetshire, and, coming across an aged inhabitant, he asked him: "What is the speed limit in this village?"

"There be'ant none!" he said.

"What do you mean?" Sir Joseph asked, puzzled.

With a dry chuckle the ancient one explained: "You motor chaps can't go through our village fast enough to please us. The quicker you get through and away the better, says I!"

WHAT A DIFFERENCE!

MISS MAY ROBSON, the famous American actress, tells this story:

It was during a performance of *Antony and Cleopatra* in the English provinces, and the curtain had gone down on Cleopatra tearing about the stage in a paroxysm of fury.

"Ah," one old lady remarked to the other, "what a difference to the quiet home life of our own dear Queen Victoria!"

NOT SO EASY.

A NEW story about the famous author, Mr. J. M. Barrie.

Mr. Barrie was talking with an actor who declared that anything and everything could be expressed simply by changing the expression of the face. "I can let the audience know anything without saying a word," he said.

"Then will you kindly go back to the stage," said Mr. Barrie quietly, "and express in your face that you have a younger brother who was born in Shropshire, but is now staying in a boarding-house on the South Coast!"

APPROPRIATE.

THE great Fragon, whose "dreadful past" is exposed to the public gaze in another column, has a favourite piano, and one day something went wrong with one note. Fragon was in despair. A tuner stripped the instrument of its case and after a lot of poking about amongst the wires he found a tiny nest of paper occupied by a mouse and family.

Fragon had ordered their instant execution when it was discovered that the nest had been formed out of a crumpled page from a copy of his famous song, "Whispers of Love."

Fragon was so tickled at the choice of the mice that they were set free.

FORTE OR FORTY?

MR. CHARLES FROHMAN, the famous theatrical manager, who is again on this side of the Atlantic, once stopped an orchestra when they were rehearsing a new musical play.

"That's too loud!" he exclaimed.

"I can't help it, sir!" replied the conductor.

"The score says forte." (Pronounced for-te.)

"Never mind the score," replied Mr. Frohman; "make it thirty-five."

BUSINESS OR PLEASURE?

WITH all these big cases on in the Law Courts, our leading K.C.'s must be raking in heaps of money in fees.

Sir Edward Clarke, who is said to have lost a large part of his private fortune recently, has been particularly busy. He is one of the most fluent speakers at the Bar, but his personal appearance is so "homely" and undistinguished that once, after he had addressed a working-men's club, where he was unknown, someone remarked:

"What a very intelligent speech for a working-man to make!"

Sir Edward's leading opponent in the De Forest slander action is Sir Edward Carson, one of the most searching of cross-examiners.

He was once examining a hostile witness, whose appearance suggested that he had frequently looked upon the wine when it was red. The witness knew, however, that he must avoid giving the idea that he was a heavy drinker, and he became very angry when Sir Edward pressed him on the point.

"Do you usually drink much in a day?" was counsel's question.

To which the witness replied tartly: "That's my business!"

"Is it your *only* business?" inquired Sir Edward blandly.

TO SCOTTISH READERS ONLY.

A big exhibition will be held in Glasgow from May to October this year, and everybody living in and around that City, who can possibly do so, will pay it a visit. Some of you, moreover, will like to pay it several visits; and, to enable you to do this, I have acquired a couple of dozen season tickets which I propose to distribute in pairs to winners in a series of simple competitions. Further particulars will appear later.

Pert and Puzzling

The Editor will give 2s. 6d. each week for the best paragraph accepted for this column. One of the famous P.W. penknives will be awarded for any paragraph used. If there is more than one sender of a paragraph used the penknife will be awarded to the reader whose contribution was received first.

The half-crown this week goes to Mr. W. McKenzie, 29 King Street, Maxwell Town, Dumfries.

DO YOU KNOW

WHAT meat is dear at any price?

Solution below.

EH?

How would a captain weigh his anchor if he had lost his balance?

Solution below.

BARRED BEVERAGES.

Do you know why a pauper must either drink coffee or cocoa?

Solution below.

A WORD PUZZLE.

THERE is an English word of six letters, of which "la" is the middle, is the beginning, and is the end. There is but one "a" in the whole word. What is it?

Solution below.

TRULY TERRIBLE.

PEOPLE with peculiar names should be careful how they christen their children. A couple named Burst have two sons and a daughter whose names are John Wood Burst, Annie May Burst, Fred Will Burst.

FOR FOOTBALLERS ONLY.

SUPPOSING that a forward shot at the goal from the half-way line, and the ball flying high through the air lodged on the cross-bar, remaining there until it was removed.

What would it be? A goal? Offside? Behind? A corner?

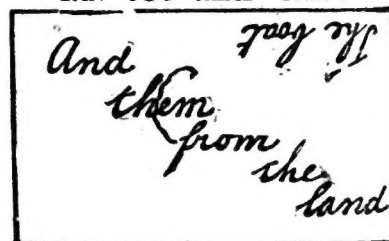
Solution below.

TO KATE.

COMMUNI-KATE's intelligent,
Intri-KATE's obscure;
Prevari-KATE is stubborn,
And Equivo-KATE unsure.

Dislo-KATE is painful,
Alter-KATE's a pest;
Rusti-KATE is charming—
But Edu-KATE's the best.

CAN YOU READ THIS?



Solution below.

HINTS FOR ALL.—No. 3.

THE letter P on a Placard outside the Editor's door points out:

That it is Press-day, and any Pestilent Penman, Poet, or Person Presuming to Persistently Penetrate the Private Portals of that Particular Personage will Provoke the Passion of the Patient Proof-passer, and Probably Procure a Powerful Pulverising Preliminary to being Precipitately Pushed Pell-mell into the Passage.

Solutions.

DO YOU KNOW?

VENISON. Because it is always deer (dear).

EH?

WHY, catch a fish and use its scales.

BARRED BEVERAGES.

BECAUSE he has no proper tea (property).

A WORD PUZZLE.

THE word is "Island." "La" is the middle. "Is" is the beginning. "And" is the end.

FOR FOOTBALLERS ONLY.

WE should say it would be a miracle!

CAN YOU READ THIS?

THE boat turned upside down, and a great rough (C) separated them from the land.

35 Years' Solitary Confinement

THIS TRAGIC HUMAN
DOCUMENT BEGINS TO-DAY.

This is the story of the modern Man in the Iron Mask, the story of a man who has endured and still is enduring a sentence more terrible than any other living man has ever undergone. Before most of us were born, Jesse Pomeroy entered his living tomb. Motor-cars have come, wireless telegraphy, airships, and aeroplanes have come, men have made great names for themselves, and Jesse Pomeroy has known nothing of it. For thirty-five years he has seen only the faces of his warders, even the sight of his fellow-prisoners has been denied him. To-day, a white-haired old man, his daily round is much the same as it was right away back in 1875 when he began his sentence of solitary confinement for life. All his ingenious attempts to escape have proved futile—the hand of the law has always at the last moment been placed on his shoulder and dragged him back. Now a movement is on foot for liberating him. Meanwhile, Mr. Paul West, a son of one of the lawyers engaged in the world-famous case, has written the true and full story, and we have acquired the sole right of giving the people of this country, an opportunity of reading it.

THE FIRST CRIMES.
ONE winter's day some years ago, the city of Boston, in the United States, was stirred by the finding of a little five-year-old boy, the child of a resident named Pratt, tied to the broken mast of an abandoned boat on the marshes known as the "Cow Pasture," cruelly to death.

The little fellow was not dead, and, for all I know, is still alive, though the last time I heard of him he was practically a cripple from the treatment he had received.

He could tell little of what had happened. Playing in front of his house, he had been accosted by "a man," who asked him if he would not like to go down to the beach "to see the soldiers."

The little fellow accompanied the stranger, who took him by the hand and walked him until the boy's feet could hardly carry him another step. He cried to go home, but the man picked him up and carried him.

It came on dark, and the boy was frightened, and the man told him that if he did not keep quiet he would kill him.

Finally, they reached the marshes, and the man made the boy climb into the old boat, which was called *The Nautilus*. There the black deed was committed.

The next day they found him there, almost dead from pain and exposure.

There was, of course, a great to-do about it. The papers were filled with stories of the crime. The police were indefatigable, but the monster who had taken delight in torturing a little boy was not to be found.

HIS PREY—LITTLE BOYS.

Soon afterwards, before the excitement had had time to die out, another little boy was found bound to a telegraph pole on Dorchester Heights. The boy told of being chased and caught by a man with a red beard, who had fastened him to the telegraph pole, dancing around him like a savage Indian as the boy screamed.

A few days later another little boy was discovered tied to the limb of a tree in Chelsea, his tender body bearing marks of torture. The cry of horror caused by this outrage was made louder when still another little fellow was found, a few days later, in an old barn in Savin Hill similarly treated. And then from several other parts of the city came reports of other lads who had been found maltreated.

They were all little bits of fellows, ranging from six to nine years of age, a fact which, added to the agony of fear into which their awful adventures had hurled them, made it extremely difficult for any of them to give a good description of the fiend who had done these things to them. Some said that it was a man with a red beard, and others declared that they had been led away by a big boy. The story of the big boy was the true one, though the authorities were not to be blamed for placing no more credence on this description than on any of the others.

Only one thing was certain. There was some one abroad, some monster in human shape, preying on little boys.

It was not safe for a child to be at large. Parents sent their children to school accompanied by watchful servants. Policemen watched the schools, and guided the pupils homeward. Mothers dared not allow their little ones out of their sight. Innocent, though suspicious-looking, tramps were arrested or driven out of town. One man who spoke to a little boy in the street was all but lynched by a lot of men at work in a shipyard

across the way, and was so harshly handled that he was in the hospital for weeks. A reign of terror held Boston and its suburbs miserable, trembling. The parents of the tortured little boys cried for vengeance. The police became desperate.

At last a little fellow was found treated like the rest, and bound to a telegraph pole by the side of the railway line near the South Boston station. He declared that he had been captured by an older boy, a boy whom he had seen before. No, he did not know his name, nor where he lived, but he had seen him in the street several times round the part of town in which his own home was.

Now for the first time the police had actual information on which to work. With the little boy as guide they set about watching the streets for the larger boy—the cruel, inhuman, larger boy, who, it was manifest, had tortured all these little fellows. Day in, day out, they walked the streets, but never did the little boy see the one who had abused him. The police were at their wits' end when it occurred to one that perhaps the criminal was a schoolboy. So they proceeded to search the schools.

PULLING FLIES TO PIECES.

The principal of the Bigelow School, Mr. William Barnes, heard of this search, and immediately a strange suspicion came to him. Himself the father of a large family of boys, he had been intensely interested in the cases, but it had never occurred to him that the criminal could be among his own pupils. The fact that the police were hunting through the schools, however, brought suddenly to Mr. Barnes' mind the picture of a boy in one of his classes—a heavy-browed, scowling lad of thirteen or fourteen years. He communicated with the police.

"I have no proof, not the slightest, that the boy I mention is the guilty one," he said. "I only know that I have observed signs of cruelty on his part that might indicate, under certain conditions, a nature capable of the horrors you describe. I have seen him pulling flies to pieces behind his book. I have seen him sticking pins into a cat. That is hardly any proof that he is next door to a murderer, but I wish the little boy whom you are taking round would come to my school and look at this boy, without my indicating the one to which I refer."

The little fellow, still scarcely able to walk, was taken to the Bigelow School, and nobody but the officer with him, and Mr. Barnes, knew his errand. He went from class-room to class-room, but failed to find the big boy whom he had such reason to remember.

They came to the class in which sat the one whom Mr. Barnes had in mind, and the pupils were told to sit up and look straight to the front. The little boy scanned their faces.

"Do you see him here?" asked the officer in a whisper.

"No," said the little boy, "he isn't here."

At this moment, just as the officer, disappointed, was about to lead the way to another class-room, a teacher spoke sharply to a boy in a remote part of the class-room.

"Sit up, Pomeroy, and look straight in front!" she commanded.

FACE TO FACE WITH HIS VICTIMS.

The boy addressed had had his head turned away. Now, suddenly, he slowly swung around in his seat, so that his features were in full view of the little boy on the platform. And then the latter screamed:

"That's him! That's the boy!" And he flung himself, terrified, into the officer's arms, crying: "Don't let him get me! Oh, please, don't let him get me!"

There was instant excitement. The sullen boy hung his head and mumbled to himself, but they took him into the dressing-room, and there the little boy still further identified him.

"I'd know him by his eyes!" he said. "They're not the same colour!"

They were not. The big boy's left eye was almost entirely white, the cornea being covered with an opaque growth, like a cataract.

The boy was Jesse Pomeroy, and in this peculiar manner the most notorious fiend of modern times was captured.

Had this been the beginning of the lifelong incarceration which has since become his fate, the world would have been spared further horrors, and the man's name would not have marked against it the crimes which make it the most loathsome in criminal history in America.

Jesse Pomeroy was at that time only thirteen years of age, having been born on December 21st, 1859. He was by no means dull-witted, although from early childhood he displayed a shiftless tendency and a carelessness that had kept him back in his school studies.

His parents lived over a little stationer's shop run by his mother. His father was a butcher, working in a market near by. There were other children, a boy older than Jesse, and at least two younger. The family was an ordinary one of the lower class.

Jesse Pomeroy was arrested, taken into court, confronted by his victims, of whom seven appeared against him and positively identified him. Others, to the number of ten, could not swear that it was he who had made cripples of them for life, but it undoubtedly was. It does not seem possible that another such fiend could have been ravaging the same district at the same time.

His playmates were brought into court and examined, and one thing did come out at the trial, however, to prove the boy's deep cunning and secretiveness—the slyness of a perverted nature.

Of course, during the reign of terror which his series of tortures on small boys had occasioned, it had been the one subject of conversation among the boys of the district. During it all, even when boys of his class, in their eagerness to prove themselves heroes, had told harrowing tales of having been chased by the fiend and Jesse had known that they were lying, he had never said a word, or given a hint, to expose his true colours.

WATCHED BY BRAIN DOCTORS.

Jesse Pomeroy was sent to a reformatory. His extreme youth made a prison sentence impossible, although public hatred of the boy even then nearly constrained the law to make an exception in his case and put him behind bars as a felon.

But during his period of detention he was carefully watched to see whether he displayed any signs of insanity, or symptoms of abnormality which would enable the authorities to keep him confined for the remainder of his life as a lunatic.

"He must be wrong somewhere," urged those desirous of sequestering the boy for the rest of his life. "He can't be normal."

"He seems to be all right," said the law, after the best alienists of the day had examined him. "He may have been temporarily insane, but he seems to have learned a lesson. We are going to release him in the belief that he will not repeat his offences."

"If you let him out he will be worse than ever. He will pursue our children. We shall not be safe!" pleaded the parents.

"He is all right," repeated the law, strangely element.

So, after scarcely a year's detention, Jesse Pomeroy was released from the reform school, and went back to work in his mother's shop.

It would have been well had he never reached there!

CHAPTER II.

Tracked by a Deaf Mute.

JESSE POMEROY was a model of behaviour at the reform school. There have been rumours that he shocked a teacher there by torturing a pet cat, and a story gained credence that he had otherwise exhibited his cruel tendencies. But so far as can be ascertained he did nothing while in restraint.

—The baby fell in the fire. While fetching the doctor the house was burgled. On running to fetch the police—

to indicate that he was other than a rather ordinary boy of thirteen.

His mother pleaded that he be released and restored to her, declaring that she would vouch for his good behaviour in the future, so after little more than a year Jesse was allowed to come out.

The shop conducted by Mrs. Pomeroy was stocked with toys, games, drapery, and cheap novelties. Within, the counter on the left was devoted to needles, pins, household articles, and other small wares, while newspapers, penny novels, and school supplies were to be found on the other side. It was a popular emporium for the small shoppers of the neighbourhood, and Mrs. Pomeroy did a profitable little business.

JESSE BECOMES A CLERK.

Jesse was taken in as a sort of clerk, and it also became his duty to carry papers to customers. He was a shambling youth of sullen, though by no means dull, countenance, saying little, and attending, so far as was apparent, to his business. But always he was on probation among the people, who could not forget his previous record and distrusted him thoroughly.

But the boy was to all intents and purposes on his good behaviour. There were no more cases of his cruelty, and little by little the public forgot the past, and children were allowed to continue their play when Jesse came along the street, instead of being dragged into the house by excited mothers.

Then, one day in the spring of 1874, a little nine-year-old girl named Kate Curran disappeared.

One afternoon her mother sent the little girl out to buy a reel of thread. She did not tell her just where she should go for the thread, and therefore could not declare with any degree of exactness that Katie had gone to Mrs. Pomeroy's for it. But the police, who began to suspect that perhaps Jesse Pomeroy was again up to his old villainy, went to him and asked him whether Katie Curran had been in his mother's shop on the afternoon in question.

"Why, yes," replied the boy, candidly, "she came in here while my mother was out, and I was looking after the shop. She bought a reel of thread and went out. That was the last I saw of her."

It might have been the boy's frankness, or it might have been the stupidity of the police, but, at all events, nobody thought that he was withholding anything. Nobody thought, at the time, to search the cellar of the little shop.

NEVER SEEN TO SMILE.

Jesse Pomeroy continued his daily duties of carrying newspapers to his mother's customers. He was never seen to smile. Nobody could make much of him—this odd, sad-looking boy with the white eye. There was something uncanny about him, something very in his glance, when he fixed his one bright eye and that colourless orb upon you. He moved silently, alone, shunned even by other boys of his own age who had been accustomed to play with him before his incarceration in the reform school.

It was a chill day, April 22nd, 1874. An "east wind" was blowing over the marshes, and Policeman Faxon, patrolling his beat late in the afternoon, was cold in spite of his heavy clothes. Suddenly he felt something tugging at his coat-tail, and turned to see a little boy of eight or ten.

"Well, what is it, sonny?" he asked gruffly. The small boy pointed to his lips and made a guttural sound.

"Oh," said Policeman Faxon, "a deaf mute. I see! Wonder what he wants?"

The deaf mute continued to make motions, and pointed with one hand in the direction of the foot of the street, where it ended on a wide stretch of marsh leading to the bay. With his other hand he tugged at the officer's coat tails.

"I can't make out his game," thought the officer, "but I'll follow and see what it is."

So he went along after the deaf mute, who kept a tight hold of his coat. It was cold and cheerless, and in the gathering dusk the policeman felt a trifle creepy. But the deaf mute kept on. They came to the deaf and dumb institute, but the boy did not take the officer in through its gates, continuing his march out to the marshes. Finally, when the policeman had decided that he would go no further on this blind errand, the boy drew back, as though afraid, and pointed tremblingly to a clump of thick swamp grass a few yards ahead.

"Eh?" exclaimed the officer. "What is it?" The boy could only point.

"Well," thought the officer, "I'll see."

He strode forward, and with his stick parted the

grasses. There he found the body of a little boy lying face down among the reeds and the salt grass.

The officer picked up the pitiful burden and hurried back to the police-station with it, followed by the deaf mute. There they asked the mute whether he knew who the boy was, and he wrote the name on a sheet of paper in a childish scrawl. The name was Horace Mellen.

Two officers visited the scene of the murder and brought back measurements of footprints found in the snow. With these in their possession, they went to Jesse Pomeroy's house.

It was after ten o'clock at night. The house was in darkness, but to their repeated rings Jesse's mother appeared and asked what they wanted.

"We want your son Jesse," they said.

"He's in bed," was the reply. "He's been ill all day, and hasn't been out of the house."

But in spite of the woman's declaration, which was made as though she suspected that the police were about to charge her son with the commission of some crime during the day just ending, the police went to Jesse's room. He was in bed, and apparently asleep.

Near his bed were his shoes. They were wet and muddy, and they exactly fitted the measurements of the footprints found in the marsh at the spot where Horace Mellen had been killed that afternoon!

They arrested Jesse Pomeroy and took him to the police-station, where he was accused of murder. He professed entire innocence, and declared that he had not been anywhere near the marshes that day. But he did admit that he had been out of the house, thus falsifying his mother's statement that he had been in bed all day.

ATTEMPTS TO FIRE THE PRISON.

He was committed for trial, while the public roared its denunciation of him and of the law which had freed him from the reformatory to give him this new opportunity to exercise his barbaric cruelty to helpless victims.

He had been in gaol only a few days when his mother—perhaps in shame for the disgrace brought on her by her son, perhaps in fear lest the vengeance the public threatened might be visited on her—suddenly moved, going nobody knew exactly where, except the police, who had their watchful eye upon all her movements, and could lay their hands upon her at any time.

The day after she moved, and the little store had been cleared of its small stock, which she sold in one piece at a sacrifice price, men were put to work to repair the premises. In the cellar they discovered the remains of Katie Curran!

The horror and rage of the people knew no bounds at this latest discovery. A mob besieged the store and sent stones hurtling through the windows. An attempt was made to fire the building, and the father of Jesse Pomeroy was obliged to abandon his position in the town and leave, though nobody suspected that he had aught to do with the horrible affair. He had left his wife some time before, and was looked upon as a decent citizen, for whom his fellows felt pity, because he had such a son.

Through all this Jesse Pomeroy stayed in his cell coolly awaiting his trial. When they told him that the body of Katie Curran had been found he seemed not at all disconcerted. All he asked was whether he would be tried for this crime along with the other, and whether his previous record of having tortured so many children would count against him.

"Because, if they hold that up against me, too," he said, "it would not be fair. I have paid for these offences once, and to bring them up again would not be justice!"

Those who heard this turned away, scarcely able to refrain from striking this smirking, selfish, cool scoundrel to the earth and tramping upon him with their heels!

(How the public clamoured for Pomeroy's execution, his final sentence, and how he was nearly murdered by a fellow convict will be told next week.)

DON'T BUY YOUR CORONATION SEAT

Until you read all about the offer which we are going to make to our readers. This offer will include the payment of all expenses from any part of the United Kingdom to London and back. It will be quite the most generous offer of this kind ever made.

SPORTING SNIPPETS.

Some Special Pars About all Sorts of Sports and Pastimes.

Two millionaire golfers recently played a match on a London course for a stake of two motor-cars.

SEVENTEEN times have Ireland met Wales at hockey, and not once have the Welshmen succeeded in obtaining the victory.

GREAT progress is being made in French Rugby, and the recent match against Wales there was a record attendance of fifteen thousand people.

73.2 miles per hour is the new speed record for an airship; it was made by M. Morin, when flying from Paris to Toulouse—he covered 122 miles in one hour and forty minutes.

VERY few of the leading cricket counties enjoyed financial prosperity last season, this, however, was the case with Kent, for it has announced a profit of £100 on the year's working.

EXPERIMENTS are about to be made with a motor-car driven by a propeller after the style of an aeroplane. A propeller-driven motor-cycle was tried with success some years back.

It is hoped that King George and Queen Mary will be present at the Derby this year, and Lord Boro-Boro, who is still the manager of the Derby stables, is busily making arrangements.

SOME workmen who were reconstructing a part of the Mid-Surrey golf course recently, came across a strongly-built brick passage under the earth. Nobody knows to what use the passage was put.

MR. WALTER WINANS, the world's champion revolver shot, has just distinguished himself in a new way. He has won a prize in Paris for a bronze statue of a trotting horse, which he sculptured himself.

ANOTHER attempt is being made to popularise baseball, the great American game, in England, and the National Baseball Association is arranging to bring over some "star" players from America.

THE record number of rounds ever contested in a prize-fight were fought at Cheshire in 1825, when two pugilists named Jack Jones and Patsy Tunney boxed for 276 rounds, Jones being declared the winner.

ALPHONSE SNEURS, the Belgian wrestler who recently met Hackenschmidt, boasts of the fact that he wears size twenty-two in collars. His arm is so muscular that it is impossible to make a collar even of this size, meet round the upper portion of it.

A FOUR-CYLINDER air-pump for motor-car tyres has recently been put on the market. It pumps up a tyre twice as quickly as does the ordinary single-barrel variety and with half the labour. It is worked by turning a handle.

A STRANGE motor boat called the *Flying Fish*, which is driven by air propellers, has been launched at Cowes. The hull of the boat rests lightly on the surface of the water, and the air propeller causes it to skim across the surface at an amazing speed.

AN appeal is being sent to influential coloured men in all the big cities of America asking them to subscribe to a diamond-studded belt, to be presented to Jack Johnson on July 4th, the anniversary of his victory over Jeffries.

QUITE a large number of women are taking to motor-cycling this season, and several firms are making a special machine for the fair sex. These machines start like an ordinary motor-car, so that the riders do not have to gallop alongside before mounting.

A DANISH aviator named Svedens recently discovered, whilst flying at a considerable height, that his machine was on fire. He descended as quickly as possible, but although he just managed to save his own life, his machine was completely destroyed by the flames.

WHEN preparing for his contest with Matt Wells, Freddie Welsh gave training exhibitions for charity; the money collected going to the St. Michael's Boys' Home. The band of the Home marched to get the money, and Welsh made the sum up to £50 from his own pocket.

A CYCLING road race is to be held in the next Olympic Games, which will take place at Stockholm in 1912, and, what is important to British riders, the event will be run on British lines, the men starting at intervals and no pacing being allowed. England will be able to hold its own against the world in this competition.



By ALBERT CLUTTERBUCK,
The "Literary Vagrant."

(Recently at Marylebone Police Court a young man named Albert Clutterbuck was convicted of vagrancy, and sentenced to a short term of imprisonment. A document entitled "The Life of a Beggar" was found upon him when he was arrested. Parts of this story the magistrate, Mr. Paul Taylor, described as "most interesting.")

Mr. P. Doubtless sought Clutterbuck out on his release from prison, and obtained his story. This is part two; last week Clutterbuck drew a vivid pen-picture of the homes of London's beggars.)

THERE are beggars and beggars. By this I mean that beggarland has its upper classes and its lower classes, its little social distinctions, just as other walks in life have.

There are beggars who, like the snails, carry their homes with them. An old sack, a tattered blanket, a tin can, a few pinches of tea, sugar, and so on. Sometimes, but not always, a piece of soap.

They resemble the snails, too, in the pace at which they travel. Often they will not average more than a mile or two a day. Why should they? One place is to them much the same as any other place.

A favourite saying with this type of beggar is, "My stomach is the only cupboard I need." He is known in beggarland as a "Mill Tog Moucher," and he is generally regarded as belonging to the lowest class of beggarmdom.

IN A RING OF DISINFECTANT.

Indeed there are Mill Togs who would be denied admission to any common lodging-house, nor would the landlord of the tenpenny room let to them, so repulsively dirty are they. The only place open to them is the Salvation Army shelter, and that not always.

These are the kind of beggars you see cuddling their rags on the Embankment, slinking aimlessly along solitary country roads, or dark city by-streets, and who, when arrested and brought before the magistrates, are tried outside the court with a ring of burning sulphur on the ground all round them to ward off infection. This may seem incredible, but I have seen it done myself. Indeed, this class of beggar has a special Parliament Bill all to himself—the Verminous Persons Act.

The busker, who sings in the street and outside public-houses, often with the accompaniment of some kind of instrumental music, is the aristocrat of beggarland, as far removed from the Mill Tog as the prosperous-looking stockbroker from the broken-down City clerk. Indeed, some buskers are not really beggars at all in the proper sense of the word, in that they give value for money, and very good value, too, in some instances.

Lower down in the scale, but belonging to the same category, are the "gridders" or singing beggars.

Most people know this latter type. The man, furtive, and in rags, the woman dejected-looking and seemingly in the last stages of consumption, the two or three children—hired for the occasion—that accompany them shivering and blue with the cold.

THE BEGGARS' OWN "LINGO."

Together they trudge slowly through quiet suburban streets on Sunday, dolefully whining some well-known hymn tune. On Saturdays they frequent the street markets patronised by poor people. And in the two days they take as much money as many an honest worker receives in wages for a week's laborious toil. No regular singing beggar griddles during the remaining five days of the week. Instead he goes cadging in the ordinary way from door to door, if the weather is fine and he feels up to it; otherwise he loafs in his den, smoking, drinking, and playing cards.

Beggars have a regular language of their own, and, like most real living languages, it is in a constant state of change.

For example, a lodging-house is never now called a "padding ken," although it was so termed amongst beggars years ago. It is now known as the "kennel," the "drum," or the "Abode of Love." Similarly the old slang word, "kip,"

for bed, has quite died out. It is now the "feathers" or, in rhyming slang, the "fipenny dip."

Food, and especially bread, is "scrant," "tommy," "rooty," "chuck," "tuke," and many other things. Beer, the one thing that is desired above all things else by most beggars, is "boose," "gargle," "skimish" (pronounced skim-ish), or "old socks." No true up-to-date beggar ever uses the word "spike" for workhouse; he calls it the "lump." A prison is a "clink," ordinary beggars are "gaggytes" (pronounced gag-e-ites), and beggars who travel in small family parties, with children, and make pretence of selling things on the road, are "diddy-eyes."

Beggars do not go on tramp, they go "traveling," and tramps are invariably "travellers" amongst themselves. This explains the meaning of the legend, "Good accommodation for travellers" that is so often to be seen outside small, mean houses in the back streets of provincial towns. Another slang term for going on tramp is going on the "toe-be." A house or bed that is verminous is "crummy."

"GUTTER STIFFS" AND "TOTTERS."

Most beggars nowadays make a pretence of selling something, otherwise they would be continually getting themselves arrested for vagrancy. If they can by hook or by crook get a pedlar's licence they set up as "fawny men," that is hawkers of sham jewellery, or they "carry the bible," which means that they call from door to door with a little open box containing laces, buttons, reels of cotton, and such like trifles, displayed in front of them. If they have no licence they carry with them ferns, flowers, or other perishable goods, to sell which no licence is necessary.

These things they buy from dealers who keep what are called "swag shops." The thin mohair laces which beggars particularly affect as an excuse for begging in public-houses and elsewhere cost a penny a dozen; the thick kind cost twopence. True beggars, however, very rarely invest in the more expensive kind. They leave this to the sidewalk vendors, whom beggars contemptuously designate "gutter stiffes."

A gutter stiff does a genuine trade at a regular "pitch," but his earnings rarely exceed a shilling or eighteen-pence a day, whereas the beggar, who uses his stock merely as an excuse for begging, considers it a very bad day's work indeed when he does not clear half-a-crown, and five shillings is a fair average.

WHEN "TOTTING" PAYS.

Another favourite "lay" with knowing beggars is what they call "totting." This means to call from door to door in the better class suburbs with stale palms, ferns, and so on, the refuse of the florists', which are either offered for sale outright (at twice the price they can be bought for fresh in the shops), or else exchanged for old clothes, boots, rags, bones, bottles, or anything that is easily saleable.

This is a paying game. I have myself exchanged ferns for which I have paid threepence for half a hundredweight of mixed rags worth four shillings. For a palm which would have been dear at a penny, because it had no roots, I have got a suit of clothes which I sold the same night for seven shillings and sixpence. And once I traded to a lady a shilling's worth of mixed plants in pots for a set of furs, old but genuine, for which I obtained thirty-five shillings from a West-end furrier.

The great thing in "totting" is never to appear satisfied. If a lady offers him an overcoat worth a sovereign for a sixpenny plant, the "totter" who knows his "lay" will by no means snap at the bargain. On the contrary he will run it down, keeping, however, a corner of his eye on the lady in case she should draw back. This is known, in beggar's slang, as "barracking up" and "working at the catch."

He will dilate on the hard times, the long way he has to travel to reach home, and will go on to beg a pair of boots, a shirt, an old hat, or anything else of the kind, to go with the overcoat, and will only accept the latter by itself, and that grudgingly, and as a pretended favour, when he has quite exhausted his own powers of persuasion or the lady's patience.

(Next week Albert Clutterbuck will tell of Beggars' tricks and dodges.)

NEW SHORT SERIAL STARTS NEXT WEEK.

CADGING LOVERS.

The Man Who Cadges, or Borrows, From His Sweetheart Speedily Loses Her Respect.

"We parted because she lent me some money." That was how a certain young man summed up the reasons for the breaking-off of his engagement to a girl.

She was a nice girl, too, and he was a decent young fellow, yet the money she lent him was the cause of fatal mischief between them. It raised a barrier.

He was the manager of a small shop, and got into difficulties with the cash. He did not do anything wrong. He did not embezzle or anything of that sort. It was partly a mistake and partly carelessness.

He could not replace the money in time himself, and, fearful of all manner of unpleasant consequences, he told the girl and asked her to help him.

She had a little nest-egg saved up, and lent it to him. He paid her back, bit by bit. But it was a long, slow process, and when the account was square between them she told him that she wanted the engagement to end.

She said that she was afraid that a man who relied on her to help him out of his money troubles while they were sweethearts would rely on her too much when she was his wife to help him out of similar difficulties if they arose.

It was a very feminine argument. She had never suggested that he should make a clean breast of his error and face the music, nor had she demurred about helping him. All the same, she was disappointed in him, and her faith was badly shaken.

Here is another instance. A young artist had a long streak of bad luck. None of his work would sell. He had no friend to help him, except the girl to whom he was engaged. She was in a good situation, and for a long time she helped him to keep his head above water. Then at last his luck turned, and he paid her back. But afterwards she made his life a misery to him.

She would have slaved for him and given him her last penny if he had wanted it, but she could not let him forget what she had done for him. If there was the slightest tiff or difference between them, she reminded him of it.

In the end he could not stand it any longer, and left her. It was not that he was ungrateful. He was very grateful, but the affair had degraded him and made him miserable.

All girls would not have acted as this one did. The fact remains, however, that a woman looks at some matters from a different standpoint to a man.

If one man helps another with money, neither of them, as a rule, cares to talk of it after the account has been settled. But a girl—at least, a type of girl—thinks that anyone she has helped is ungrateful if the service is not alluded to with gratitude. But the chief argument to make a man wary of letting his sweetheart help him with money is the danger of losing her respect.

It is her instinct to regard him as the stronger, more resourceful, better able to fight troubles and difficulties than she is. It comes as a shock to her, though, perhaps she hardly fully realises it at the time, when he turns to her for financial help, or does not refuse it when she offers it.

It is not that she is mean, nor that she would not make any sacrifice for his sake. It is simply that she wants him to be the man of their partnership—to know that he can fight his own money troubles, so that she can be quite sure she will be safe when she belongs to him.

It is different when it comes to an engaged couple going about together and sharing expenses. If they are each working for their living, the man cannot afford to pay for both, yet they would like to go to concerts, say, or enjoy pleasure excursions in one another's company.

If, in these circumstances, the girl is able and willing to pay for herself, it is quite fair she should do so. But, unless he is peculiarly mean or extremely foolish, the young man will stay at home before he allows her to contribute a penny toward his expenses.

She may never complain, but he will sink in her estimation. And if there isn't a big quarrel about those small advances one fine day, it will be a wonder.

OUR WEEKLY LOVE STORY.



A Lucky Mishap

The Story of a
Pretty Girl's Daring.

By P. LONGHURST.

MR. PETER COATES laid across his knees the newspaper he was reading, and looked crossly over his spectacles at his son and heir, who occupied a chair at the opposite corner of the old-fashioned kitchen fireplace.

"What be the matter wi' you, Peter?" he demanded irritably. "Fidgetin' an' coughin' an' worritin' you've been th' whole evenin'. What be wrong?"

Mrs. Coates, who sat in front of the hearth, her feet on the fender, looked up from her knitting at her husband's remark, and stared wonderingly at her son.

"Yes, what be wrong, Peter?" she said. "Are you ill?"

Beneath this double fire the person addressed suddenly blushed as red as a beetroot; his confusion was pitiful; so nervous was he that the clay pipe he held between his fingers dropped on the hearth-rug and smashed to pieces.

"Dear, dear, there's a mess now!" And Mrs. Coates looked reproachfully at her son, while his father again demanded, in a louder voice and still more irritably, what was the matter.

The culprit picked up the broken fragments of his pipe, then he raised his head defiantly.

"I'm goin' t' get married," he said distinctly, and for a moment looked his father boldly in the face.

If a bombshell had suddenly exploded on the kitchen floor of Highmoor Farm greater consternation could not have been caused. If the household cat, peacefully asleep on the rug, had sat up and demanded a share of the tankard of ale at the farmer's elbow, the old couple could not have experienced a more complete surprise. Husband and wife stared at their flaming-faced offspring as if he were a two-headed giant in a circus side show.

Peter marrying! Peter, who, so far as they knew, and believed, had never spoken to any girl in his life beyond the ordinary civilities that are exchanged between neighbours. The idea was stupendous.

The face of Peter became still more red under the double stare of amazement and sorrowful disbelief levelled at him.

"I'm goin' t' get married," he repeated for the second time with dogged emphasis.

Then his father found his tongue.

"Married!" shouted Mr. Coates. "Married! You! A bit laddie like you gettin' married! Whoever heard th' like o' it?"

"Well, an' why shouldn't I be gettin' married?" demanded Peter, after his father's outburst. His manner was less assured, and there were distinct traces of nervousness in his voice.

"Peter," said Mr. Coates sternly, "haud your tongue! We'll ha' no more o' this matter. Me an' your mother will try an' forget th' words ha' ever been spoken." And the old farmer replaced his spectacles on his nose, and took up his newspaper again with an air of finality that precluded further discussion.

"Eh-h, but I'll be married yet," Peter declared to himself as he climbed the stairs to his bedroom an hour later.

A fortnight afterwards Peter drove half a score of fat bullocks into Hawes market. The friends and acquaintances who greeted him noticed no difference in his demeanour, but at heart Peter was decidedly sad. His sorrow, however, did not prevent him from driving a hard bargain for his beasts, nor deprive him of his customary healthy appetite.

The beasts satisfactorily sold, he adjourned to the Bull Inn, and there made a substantial lunch. Afterwards he mounted his galloway and took the northward road out of Hawes, looking carefully around to see that no one was taking any notice of him.

Two miles out he left the road and turned into

a narrow lane that led him to a comfortable-looking farmhouse snugly set in a wooded hollow, beyond and above which rose the grey gaunt hills.

A girl in a pink blouse and short skirt was at work in the little garden in front of the house, digging with a small fork between the early primroses, violets, and daffodils that grew there. A pair of long gloves covered her hands and arms; her clothes, though plain and simple, were neat and well made, with those dainty additions and touches that betoken a refined mind and a pride in personal appearance. A dark blue tam-o'-shanter was perched on her thick, curly, fair hair, which crowned as winsome and pretty a face as a man could find in a long day's march through rural England.

The girl heard the clattering of the galloway's hoofs upon the metal that filled the centre of the lane; she rose up, slight and shapely, and her blue eyes lighted with pleasure.

"A good afternoon to you, Mr. Coates!" she called out merrily as Peter rode up to the garden gate.

"Good afternoon to you, Meggy!" Peter's voice lingered lovingly over the final word, his eyes covertly devoured the girl's face, but he made no effort to get off his horse.

The girl smiled, and Peter blushed furiously.

"How bonnie th' flowers are lookin'," he said hurriedly.

Miss Margaret Fothergill laughed outright. "Is that all that is bonnie-looking to-day, Master Peter Coates?" she queried saucily.

Peter, though muddled with love, and maybe a trifle dull of nature, observed the hint.

"I think I'll come inside," he muttered. He dismounted, hitched the bridle over the stone gatepost, threw his arms around the girl's slim waist and, bending his head, kissed her full upon her red smiling lips.

"Peter, Peter, whatever are you doing?" cried Meggy with simulated anger, and, releasing her, Peter stepped back, ashamed and downcast.

"Well, and what have you to say for yourself?" Miss Fothergill asked severely. "Had better kept further side of the garden wall it seems to me, if this is how you behave."

"I couldn't help it, Meggy—truth I couldn't," mumbled the penitent culprit.

"And what does it matter, Peter dear?" the girl said softly, and she laughed a little. "You're trysted to me, and we're soon to be wed."

The word brought a frown of recollection to Peter's forehead, and his eyes became dull and miserable.

"What is the matter, Peter?" Meggy asked.

"It was to see you about that I come over to-day," Peter answered slowly and miserably. "Last night I spoke for th' first time to th' owd fowk, an' my father—"

"Well?" Meggy interrupted wonderingly.

"An' mother—"

Meggy smiled. "They did not like it? They were surprised?"

"They would not even let me tell of it. They asked me if I had gone daft."

"And is that all?"

Peter nodded, and his eyes plainly said that it was enough, and more.

Meggy laughed aloud.

Peter regarded his sweetheart gloomily. She took the ill news very lightly. For all his four and thirty years of age, his huge limbs, and his great stature, his solid common sense, and native shrewdness, Peter Coates, from boyhood, had been so dominated by the will of his parents, so thoroughly accustomed to admitting their authority in any and every matter, that the idea of resistance came strangely to him.

"And do your father and mother know who 'tis you are going to wed?" his sweetheart inquired.

A smile was playing around Meggy's lips, but to Peter the situation held nothing at all amusing.

"No," he said. "I ha' never spoken o' thee to them."

"Then they do not know you have known me

these two years past? That you have ridden over here every market day to see me?"

Peter shook his head emphatically. If such goings on had come to his parents' ears he would have been made aware of the fact long since.

"Do they know me at all, Peter?"

"No, I don't think so," answered Peter staidly.

"Do you think if they were to see me, they'd say no to you wedding me?"

He looked doubtfully into the girl's mischievous eyes. An idea was quickly formed in her active brain, but her duller lover could not discern it.

"Nay, lassie, they wouldn't ken who thou art if they were t' see thee," Peter answered in surprise.

"Then come with me and I'll show you a clutch of chickens." And Peter, in a great state of wonderment, was led to examine the latest additions of the poultry yard, a business which, together with sundry other matters, private and personal, betwixt Margaret Fothergill and Peter Coates, contrived to occupy the best part of the next two hours.

Next market day found Peter at Hawes, and just as naturally a visitor at The Dell. There, however, he received a disagreeable surprise; Meggy was not there to welcome him. She had, so one of the girls informed him, gone out on her pony quite early in the morning, and had not returned. Peter waited an hour or more, but she did not arrive; and at last and badly out of temper he rode off.

When he reached home he stamped into the back kitchen just as his mother entered it.

"What be a' th' clatter an' din about?" she demanded crossly. "That pair lassie in th' kitchen needin' rest an' quiet an' thee must make a noise fit to wakken th' dead!" Mrs. Coates, when excited, lapsed into the dialect of her country.

"Lass! What lass?" Peter asked, staring at his mother.

"Get off thy boots, an' come into kitchen an' tha'll see!" and Mrs. Coates disappeared.

With some trepidation and a good deal of surprise Peter obeyed, walking quietly enough in his stocking feet. Halfway across the room he came to a dead standstill, staring with open-eyed mouth at a young girl who sat, or rather reclined, in a large cushioned arm-chair—his father's favourite seat—by the side of the fireplace, her right foot resting upon a hassock of ancient date which rightfully belonged to the parlour. A remarkably pretty girl, too, fair haired, bright-eyed, and with a delicate complexion of blush rose and tinted ivory, and a pair of roguish-looking, cherry-hued lips, the corners of which seemed ever trembling with the beginning of a smile.

"Meggy!" gasped the astounded man.

Meggy—for it was indeed she in spite of Peter's belief that his eyes must have deceived him—raised a warning finger. "Shhh!" she exclaimed in a low voice, looking apprehensively at the open door.

Peter walked on tiptoe towards the fireplace. "Meggy!" he said again.

The cherry lips parted in a charming smile. "Peter," their owner said low and quickly, "you mustn't know me. You're not to know who I am."

Before Peter could obtain an explanation of this puzzling command his mother bustled into the kitchen. She was carrying a teapot, the one that was only brought out on special occasions.

"You'll be liking a cup o' tea, won't you, dearie?" she inquired solicitously; "it'll do you good after being woke up. This is my son, Peter. You'll have a cup, too?"

The last question was addressed to Peter, who, however, suddenly discovered that there was some work on the farm that required his immediate attention, and declined to stay. He wanted to be alone, to collect his scattered wits, to worry out some solution of the astounding problem put before him.

"A good lad is Peter," said Mrs. Coates, confidentially, when he had gone. "A good lad, an' a great man for work; but quiet, very quiet."

Meggy looked interested. "Yes, he certainly looks as if he could work," she said demurely.

When Peter and his father came in together more than a hour later they found the pair still in close conversation. Mrs. Coates seemed much taken up with Miss Margaret Fothergill.

"Well, an' how be th' foot now, miss?" inquired the old farmer. "Nay, keep thy seat, my dear; any chair'll do for me," for Meggy, assuring him

OUR NEW SHORT SERIAL.

The Blackmailer.

STARTS NEXT WEEK.

that her foot was better, had attempted to get up that he might have his own chair.
"A sprained ankle needs restin'," continued Mr. Coates oracularly. "It was lucky th' accident took place so close t' th' farm, an' you could get it looked at at once. Sprains is th' very mischief. Happen it'll be a week before you can walk again."
"A week! Oh, dear! I hope not!" Meggy cried in dismay. "Why, my father—"
"Nay, don't worrit yourself for that, missy. I sent a lad t' ride over t' Th' Dell four hours back t' tell your father what had happened an' where you are."

Peter said not a word; the whole situation was so surprising, so difficult of understanding, and withal so dangerous, that he deemed it his wisest course to keep silent. So glum was he throughout the entire evening, so little did he speak, and such scant attention did he give to Miss Fothergill, that his mother took it upon herself to take him to task for what she plainly told him was his downright rudeness.

But if Peter didn't or couldn't talk, Meggy both could and did; and her conversation—or herself—was so intensely interesting that Mr. Coates was driven into breaking the rules of untold years' standing. His newspapers lay unread on the corner of the mantelsheaf, quite forgotten; and it was not until Meggy made some remark concerning the quaint old silver tankard that held pride of place upon the huge dresser that he recollected he had not had his nightly measure of ale.

His wife was no less forgetful; her knitting neglected, she sat with her hands in her lap, watching the pretty, animated, smiling face of the guest whom the chance slipping of a careless pony had so unexpectedly brought amongst them.

Mr. Coates proved correct; it was not until a week had elapsed that the sprained ankle had mended sufficiently to allow of Miss Fothergill putting her foot in the stirrup again. To Meggy herself this week at Highmoor was a delightful holiday; to her good-hearted host and hostess, who came very near to worshipping her, it was a revelation. Peter was the only one in the house, who did not enjoy her stay.

It was with genuine regret, coupled with a pressing invitation to pay another visit at the earliest possible date that Mr. Coates and his wife said good-bye to Meggy; and it was with heartfelt relief and gratification Peter swung himself across his galloway's back, in readiness, at his mother's insistence, to escort Meggy over the fifteen miles that separated Highmoor Farm from The Dell. During the whole week he had not had a single opportunity of speaking privately with his sweetheart, and he had found it difficult and galling to play the part she had insisted upon him assuming.

"Now, Meggy, an' what be th' meanin' of it a'?" demanded Peter when the farm had been left well behind.

There was a new note in his voice, a note of masterfulness, of authority, and Meggy, strange to say, felt not displeased.

"The meaning of what, Peter?" she inquired innocently.

"Thce comin' to th' farm."

"Why, surely you heard. Sunshine threw me."

"Ay, but how came thce near Highmoor; so far from home?" Peter persisted.

"Well, may not a lass ride where she pleases?" Meggy demanded by way of reply.

"An' why was I t' seem not to know thce?" Peter asked, trying a fresh tack.

"I thought your mother and father might have been hurt if they had understood; and they were so kind to me that it would have been a shame."

"Ay; but what o' me, lass?"

"Oh," said Meggy sweetly, "but it mattered naught to you, for you have no eye for a lass as it was very plain to see. Your mother was clean ashamed of you, Peter."

"And did thce think I was no carin' a' th' time, Meggy?"

"I'm sure I did not know what you were thinking, Master Coates," and Meggy tossed her fair head. "Black murder it might have been from your looks."

"Th' owd fowk seemed quite to take to thee, dear," said Peter tenderly a while later. And then he added with the air of one announcing a grand discovery, "That accident o' thine was right lucky. Happen they'll no be against us when I come to speak out."

"Perhaps not. And now you come to speak of it, Peter, perhaps it was a lucky mishap, after all," and Meggy smiled, as one who relishes a secret enjoyment.

OUR NEW COMPETITION.

HEADERS.

£50 in Prizes Guaranteed.

IN response to requests by our readers, with whom Football Headers have been so popular, we have replaced "Triplets" with a Headers Competition.

The new contests will be conducted on the simplest lines, so that everyone may take part in them.

To make a Header, you take any word you like of at least five letters from this issue of P.W., and make a sentence or phrase of three words, the initials of which must be the first three letters of the word you have chosen.

For example, suppose you select DREADNUGHT, a Header on this word might read: Deters Every Raider.

This week we guarantee that the prize money shall not be less than £50.

RULES FOR COMPETITORS.

1. All attempts must be forwarded on the printed entry form, or they will be disqualified.
2. When you have filled up the entry form, cut it out, attach to it a postal order for sixpence, and place it in an envelope addressed to the Editor, Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. No other communications must be enclosed.
3. Mark your envelope "Header No. 1" in the top left-hand corner.
4. All attempts must arrive on or before Thursday, March 23rd.
5. Everyone who enters must send a postal order for 6d. with the entry form. The P.O. must be made payable to C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., and must be crossed "A & Co." in the manner shown in this example. The number must be written in the space provided on the entry form. Where one P.O. of higher value is sent to cover more than one attempt, the number of this P.O. must be written on each entry form.
6. Of the amount received (after deducting ten per cent.), three-fourths will be divided amongst the senders of the ten Headers which are considered to be the best by the adjudicators, by whom originality of idea will be taken into consideration. If there are more senders than one of a Header thus selected by the adjudicators, a tenth part of this three-fourths will be divided amongst all such senders.

See

EVERYONE CAN DO IT.

ENTRY FORM.

HEADER No. 2.

No. of Postal Order

Page Col. Line.....

Word

Header

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly," and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the printed conditions.

Signed

Address

ANOTHER £250 OFFERED.

Your Knowledge of Football Will Help You to Win.

MANY tens of thousands of our readers take a keen interest in Association Football, and we have therefore devised this Competition with the purpose of enabling them to put their knowledge to good account. The prize offered is £250, and the task set enables competitors to display their skill in following up football, and also fosters their interest in the game.

You may submit one coupon only, but different members of one family may inclose their entry forms for the same competition in the same envelope. No other communication must be inclosed.

As a help and guide to the exercise of your judgment, we recommend THE LONDON MORNING LEADER Penny Football Annual, in which will be found complete information regarding teams, records of individual players, and last season's matches.

The Result of Contest No. 22 will be found on page 3 of red cover.

CONDITIONS FOR COMPETITORS.

1. The names which you believe will lose must be crossed out, and each entry form must be signed by the competitor with his own name and address in ink. Where you forecast a draw don't cross out either.
2. When you have filled up the entry form, cut it out and place it in an envelope addressed to the Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Mark your envelope "FOOTBALL NO. 23," in the top left-hand corner, and affix a penny stamp. All attempts must arrive not later than first post Friday, March 24th.
3. Only one coupon can be accepted from each reader.
4. The sum of £250 will be awarded to the competitor from whom we receive an entry form bearing what proves to be the correct result of all the matches played. In the event of a tie this sum will be divided.
5. Should no competitor give the correct result of all the matches played, £25 will be awarded to the competitor from whom we receive the entry form containing the greatest number of correct results. In the event of a tie the prize will be divided, and in the event of two or more matches not being played, the £250 will not be awarded.
6. The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any apt submitted, and proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of receipt.
7. The Editor does not assume any responsibility for any alterations that may be made in the fixtures given.
8. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, and telegrams will be ignored.
9. The published decision is final, and competitors may enter only on this understanding.
10. No coupon bearing an address in Scotland will be eligible for this competition.

The attention of competitors resident in Scotland is drawn to the new condition (No. 10) in the Football Competition. This clause has been inserted as the result of a notification received from the Scottish Crown Counsel. It applies only to those readers actually living in Scotland—not to Scotsmen whose addresses are in any other part of the United Kingdom.

RESULTS OF TRIPLETS No. 37.

IN Triplets No. 37 the amount available for distribution was £48 15s. For each of the following a prize of £3 13s. has been awarded.

The Early Bird: *Thinks Blankets Elysium.*

J. MATHEWS, 126 High Street, Hounslow.

The Early Bird: *Boniface's Tough "Extra."*

D. MALONEY, 304 Fulham Road.

The Early Bird: *Beautifies Expensive Toque.*

JOHN MUNFORD, 22 Churton Street, Victoria.

The Early Bird: *Escapes "Bobby Trap."*

H. SALTIEL, 57 Cambridge Road, N.E.

Merry And Bright: *"Baby Mine" Audiences.*

Mrs. H. Butler, 131, Aubrey Road, Small Heath, Birmingham.

Merry And Bright: *Melodrama Assassin Boo'd.*

E. G. FENN, 27 Carlton Road, Mile End.

Merry And Bright: *Bassoon Mostly Antithesis.*

Mrs. ILLINGWORTH, 3 Camden Road, N.W.

Pearson's Football Contest No. 25

Matches to be played on Saturday, March 25th.

Cross out which you consider will be the losing club. For a draw don't cross out either.

Bury (3)	v Preston North End (1)
Liverpool (2)	v Notts County (1)
Notts Forest	v Manchester City
Sheffield United (2)	v Middlesbrough (0)
Barnsley (4)	v Bradford (0)
Leeds City	v Bolton Wanderers
Leicester Fosse (2)	v Fulham (5)
Stockport County (3)	v Gainsboro' Trinity (0)
Wolverhampton W. (2)	v Hull City (2)
Blackpool	v Huddersfield Town
Exeter (1)	v Luton (2)
Bristol Rovers (2)	v Queen's P. Rangers (0)
Crystal Palace (4)	v Millwall (1)
Leyton (0)	v Coventry City (0)
Plymouth Argyle (1)	v Southampton (1)
Northampton (3)	v Norwich City (1)
Brighton and Hove (4)	v Portsmouth (1)

The above matches take place on the ground of the first-named.

The figures denote the results of the corresponding matches of last season. The star (*) indicates that no match took place last season.

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly" and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the printed conditions.

Signature

Address.....

CUT OUT COUPON AND POST TO US UNFOLDED.

The attention of competitors resident in Scotland is drawn to the new condition (No. 10) in the Football Competition. This clause has been inserted as the result of a notification received from the Scottish Crown Counsel. It applies only to those readers actually living in Scotland—not to Scotsmen whose addresses are in any other part of the United Kingdom.

Merry And Bright: *Attains Micawber's Beatitude.*

T. HULME, 110 Chorley Old Road, Bolton, Lancs.

Washing The Dishes: *Triflers "Drop" Work.*

A. LOVEDAY, 216 Holloway Road, N.

Washing The Dishes: *"Thirteenth" Diner Wipes.*

MISS KEMP, 12 Clapham Park Road, Clapham.

5 GIFTS OF £1 1s. EACH.

Aldridge, E., North Lodge, Stevenson Rd., Ipswich.

Odd, Miss A., 131 West Green Rd., So. Tottenham.

Fearnley, A. J., East Boldon, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Olliff, A., 33 Pretoria Avenue, Walthamstow.

Oswold, W., 53 Station Rd., Willesden Junction.

7 GIFTS OF £1 EACH.

Blogg, A., 189 Taylor St., S. Shields.

Horan, Rev. C. P., Wilton, Cork City.

Lamb, F., 18 Market Place, Kingston, Surrey.

Perry, H., 91 Lamb's Conduit St.

Richardson, Miss L., 15 Kirby Rd., Ripon.

Smith, H. L., 35 Crown St., Harrow-on-the-Hill.

Willett, G., 1 Moore Park Rd., S.W.

I will give twenty-five P.W. pen-knives for the best endings. Mark postcards "Pudding." (See page 600.)

WHIRLED TO DEATH.

Gusts of Wind that Have Caused Wholesale Damage.

WHEN we read of those fearful American tornadoes which sweep whole towns away and kill hundreds of people in a few minutes, we are apt to congratulate ourselves that such ghastly visitations are unknown in this country.

But the strange occurrence at Brad'ord a few weeks ago proves that these islands are not entirely exempt from the cyclonic form of storm.

On that occasion a little girl was caught by a whirlwind as she was waiting to go into school, and lifted thirty feet into the air, then dropped so suddenly that she died from the terrible injuries which she received in the fall.

Some years ago a circular storm of a type almost as dangerous as the true American tornado occurred in Yorkshire. One Sunday afternoon, late in summer, a furious thunderstorm broke over the hills above Langtoft, in the East Riding.

A strange cloud, purple black in colour, from which hung four long black columns, was seen approaching, and presently with a fearful crash this burst above the town, on the eminence known as Round Hill. Millions of gallons of water roared down in a torrent, cutting a channel twenty feet deep in the rocky hillside, and flooding the roads several feet deep.

BLEW A HUT INTO THE SEA.

Small whirlwinds of a local character are not uncommon in many parts of this country. Ten years ago Felixstowe was visited by a storm of this description. It was in summer, and a fine day with a light breeze. The beach was, as usual, crowded with people, when suddenly with a sound described as resembling that of an express train approaching at full speed, a furious gale arose.

A column of dust rose high into the air, and next moment a tent, a wooden hut, and quantities of goods exposed for sale on various stalls were carried high into the air and dropped far out in the sea. Of course panic reigned for a few minutes, but happily the curious storm passed almost as quickly as it had come, and the sun shone as brightly as before.

Storms of this kind are extraordinarily local. In the summer of 1902 some haymakers were at work in a field near Tavistock, when a small boy who was with the men gave a startled shout and pointed to the newly-made stack at the bottom of the field.

The labourers could hardly believe their eyes when they saw that more than half of it had been whisked up into the air, and was disappearing into the next field. Where they stood there was absolutely no wind at all.

Sixty miles an hour means a force of wind facing which the strongest man has the greatest difficulty in keeping his feet.

But this velocity has often been exceeded in various parts of the British Isles. On December 21st and 22nd, 1894, the recording instrument at Fleetwood registered seventy-eight miles an hour for three hours in succession. This is hurricane force, quite equal to that of a West Indian cyclone or a typhoon in the China Seas.

MILLIONS OF TREES BLOWN DOWN.

But even this is nowhere near the British record. There was a storm in March, 1897, when, at Rousdon Observatory, near Lyme Regis, the anemometer registered a velocity of 101 miles an hour.

Then the powerful apparatus was unable to bear the strain any longer, and was broken to pieces.

So far as damage is concerned, we have had no gale for half a century past to match that of November 17th, 1893. This was at its worst over Scotland.

In Perthshire alone it blew down over a million and a half trees. The loss of timber was reckoned at £300,000 in that county.

The great blizzard of March, 1891, will not easily be forgotten in the South Country. It blew a hurricane for forty-eight hours, accompanied by a tremendous snowfall.

It was worst at Yelverton, Plymouth's health resort, 700 feet above that town.

To give some idea of the fury of the wind, a local doctor, a very powerful man, went down to the station to meet his son returning from school.

He had to face the wind coming home, and found it absolutely impossible to walk. He had to crawl on hands and knees, and it took him over half an hour to cover a quarter of a mile.

OUR KNOWLEDGE TESTS.

Six More Half-guineas Offered to Readers this Week.

AWARDS IN CONTEST No. 16.

(1) PENNY WEDDING.

The prize of 10s. 6d. has been awarded to G. B. Neave, 10 Glasgow Road, Milngavie, for the following explanation of the above term:

A penny wedding is one to which the guests bring contributions either in money or in kind for their own entertainment, and for the assistance of the young couple in setting up house. The contributions are not necessarily restricted to the value of one penny.

(2) SIX FOLLIES OF SCIENCE.

In this contest the prize of 10s. 6d. has been divided between J. A. M. Dennison, 5 Avondale Place, Edinburgh, and H. A. Twort, 23 Cranmer Road, Croydon.

The six follies of science are the squaring of the circle, perpetual motion, the philosopher's stone, the elixir of life, magic, and astrology. Many brilliant men—Bacon, Boyle, and Newton sought the philosopher's stone—have tried to unravel the mysteries connected with them.

(3) MABON'S DAY.

The explanation selected as the best was submitted by J. S. Richards, Royal Stores, Cae'rphilly, Cardiff. The winner wrote as follows:

Mabon's Day was a monthly holiday (first Monday in every month), instituted twenty-five years ago, by William Abraham ("Mabon"), M.P., for the South Wales and Monmouthshire Collieries. Its purpose was to limit the coal output and to insure good prices, thus securing better wages for the colliers.

(4) DUTCH AUCTION.

The prize of 10s. 6d. has been awarded to G. Keyzer, 2 Simister Street, Manchester, for the following definition:

This expression is derived from the Dutch countries, where even now fish and fruit are thus sold. The auctioneer calls a high price, which he reduces, until someone calls out "Mine!" and thereupon becomes the buyer. In England it is legal to conduct sales in this manner without a license.

(5) PLAYING GOOSEBERRY.

This familiar phrase was defined by the winner, P. Tripp, 9 Nightingale Road, Guildford, in these terms:

To "Play Gooseberry" is to become an unwelcome and unhappy interloper between two persons who are supremely happy in each other's company, and so completely wrapped up in themselves that they resent the presence of another. The proverbial acidity of the gooseberry is probably responsible for this amusing phrase.

(6) GETTING A HALF BLUE.

H. Hobson, 105 Old Street, Ashton-under-Lyne, contributed the winning attempt, and receives the prize for the following:

This term, relating to the University colours, is used for men chosen to represent their University, either Oxford or Cambridge, at tennis, racquets, or other minor sport. A man who represents his university at cricket, rowing or either code of football is known as a "full blue."

YOU HAVEN'T AN IDEA—

How very difficult it is to understand your own language properly. There are numberless phrases and idioms in every day use, in explaining which, even the best-read man or woman finds considerable difficulty.

You have only to glance at the following list to realise this. You may think that you know quite well what each phrase means simply because you have seen it over and over again in your newspaper. Very well! Just get a postcard and write down the meaning of any of these phrases; and if your explanation is the clearest and the best you will receive a prize of 10s. 6d.

- (1) *Begging the Question.*
- (2) *In Camera.*
- (3) *Man of Straw.*
- (4) *Bourgeois (social sense).*
- (5) *Land Bank.*
- (6) *Truck Act.*

I want all my readers to enter this simple knowledge test.

First of all write the word or phrase you choose on the back of a postcard, and put your explanation in as short and precise a way as you can—in any case, you must not exceed fifty words—and attach your name and address.

You may send in your explanation of all the six if you like, but each must be written on a separate postcard.

Address your postcard to the "Test" Editor, Pearson's Weekly, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C., to arrive not later than Thursday, March 23rd.

LAST MINUTE WINS.

Sensational Football Victories Similar to West Ham's Defeat of Manchester United.

WITHOUT belittling the fine wins of Chelsea over Wolverhampton Wanderers and Swindon over Darlington, both gained on "foreign" ground, the achievement of the third round of the Football Association Cup was West Ham's sensational last minute victory over Manchester United.

A minute or two from "time," the score was one all, and many people were leaving the ground, satisfied that the game was a draw, when Manchester gained a corner. This was safely cleared by West Ham. In a flash the ball was at the other end, and Caldwell, getting a chance, promptly banged it into the Manchester goal.

There have, however, been other last minute victories quite as sensational as West Ham's.

At Sunderland, they still talk of a famous game with Blackburn Rovers. This was at Sunderland's old ground, Newcastle Road, and some years ago. Sunderland won with absolutely the last kick of the game, and everybody was so surprised that nobody thought to recover the ball, which remained in the net until the following Monday morning.

Sheffield United have had many exciting experiences, but probably none more so than a certain Cup Semi-Final meeting with Liverpool.

JUST AS THE WHISTLE WENT.

A few minutes from time Liverpool were leading by 4-2, and all seemed over bar the shouting. However "Suddenly"—we quote from an interesting article by "Ranger"—"Bennett flashed in a lovely centre for Priest to take the ball on the drop and bang it into the net like a shot. Bennett was evidently so delighted that he tried another centre of the same sort, and Priest obliged again. Time was called directly after."

This was not a victory, but Sheffield United won the replay after another thrilling meeting.

Mr. Samuel Allen, Swindon's popular secretary, gives us the following account of surely the most remarkable goal ever scored in a football match.

Mr. Allen first of all recalls the sensational game between Swindon and West Ham in the Southern League last year. Eight minutes from time Swindon were leading 2-0. West Ham scored, and then in the last second of the game they were awarded a penalty from which they equalised, the whistle blowing the moment the ball was in the net.

Mr. Allen then proceeds: "Years ago, when Grenville Morris"—afterwards the famous Notts Forest and Welsh International forward—"played for us, we were playing New Brompton at Swindon in the Southern League. Early in the game Morris got a blow on the head, which caused slight concussion, but he persisted in playing on."

"The score was 1-1, and the referee had his watch in his hand for time, when Morris seized hold of the ball, dribbled through in his perfect style, and scored, time being called before the ball could be taken out of the net."

"It was brilliantly done, but to this day Morris has no idea of what he did or how he did it. He collapsed in the dressing-room, and when he recovered his mind was a perfect blank to the incident."

NEEDHAM'S SUDDEN DASH SCORED.

Probably the "Wolves" will never forget their 1908-9 Cup Tie with the Crystal Palace. They met at Wolverhampton, with the result of a 2-2 draw.

Time in the replay at the Palace again found the scores two all, and with about eight minutes to go of extra time the Palace were leading 3-2. Still it was anybody's game, and the Wolves looked like equalising any moment. It was then that Archie Needham, one of the Palace forwards—though his regular position was back—who had dropped back into the half back line to replace an injured player, got the ball about mid-field. He dribbled forward, and the Wolves' defenders waited for him to pass to his forwards. Instead of doing so, Needham made an electric dash between the advanced backs, and scored.

It was not a last minute goal, but it settled the game, and was certainly a fine piece of individuality.

Of recent years the closest finish in the Final was that between Sheffield Wednesday and Everton. Just on time the score was one all, and thousands of people were leaving the ground, when a deafening shout proclaimed the fact that Sheffield Wednesday, with a last expiring effort, had caught the Everton defence napping and had won on the post.



My Dreadful Past

Mr. HARRY FRAGSON

Comes Under Our Searchlight this Week.

In my very young days I was, to use a technical phrase in nursery circles, "a wearing child." I first attracted attention by my efforts to imitate my elders. This was thought by my family to be a sign of future greatness, and they used to expect people to come and see me go through my act.

"What a remarkable child!" the people said. And then went away and said to each other: "The little horror!"

In these early days I heard so much about my own cleverness as an imitator that I put my little heart into the business, and soon my imitations brought about very strained relations between myself and my adoring family. They—the imitations—began to be too clever.

An important aunt called one day. She was doubtless a singularly gifted and virtuous lady, but Providence had denied to her anything in the way of physical beauty. In short, her face was a misfortune.

AUNTIE WAS LIKE AN EARTHQUAKE.

I was in the room, but no one took much notice of me till my father glanced round.

"What's the matter with you, Harry?" he demanded suddenly. "Are you ill?"

"No," said I, surprised.

"Then what are you making those horrible faces for?" he wanted to know.

"Oh, I was imitating auntie," I explained proudly.

Alas! The next few seconds contained the concentrated essence of an earthquake, a cyclone,

and a railway disaster. My aunt turned upon me swiftly, suddenly, and unexpectedly. There was nothing scientific about the affair, for I was knocked out and stamped on in the first round. The infuriated lady simply hit and banged and thumped me on every available spot.

And in the silent watches of the night I decided that there should be no more imitations.

I regret to have to confess, since you insist on unveiling my dreadful past, that at school I was not the proverbial "good child," nor anything like him. My master did not welcome me with a beaming eye; rather did my appearance cause his fingers to itch for the cane.

One day, as my schoolfellows entered the class-room, they were seized with a violent fit of sneezing. A second later the master appeared, and he, too, "aitch-hoo-ed" with the best of them. I remained in a corner, as good as gold, holding a handkerchief to my nose. After a time, when the commotion had subsided a little, the master looked slowly round the room. With unerring instinct he fixed his eyes on the culprit.

PRACTICAL JOKING IN PARIS.

"Come here!" he said, pointing at me. With an air of conscious virtue I marched up to his desk.

"Did you put that snuff on the floor?" he asked sternly.

"I—I had some snuff in my pocket," I explained hurriedly. "Some of it may have got out, but—"

"That will do," he said. "Come with me!" I went, and—but, no, that was too dreadful.

In later life I have frequently given way to that form of abandoned wickedness known as practical joking. But with me these little jokes have an awkward way of hitting back.

Some time after I had gone over to Paris I was offered an engagement at Marseilles. For a bit of fun I pretended I did not understand French and was only able to sing my French songs parrot fashion, without understanding much what I said. To heighten the effect of the joke I took an interpreter about with me, and when the manager of the theatre or anybody else wanted to talk to me, I made the interpreter speak to him in French

and then translate what he said into English for my benefit.

After the performance the first night, when I had made rather a success, I heard one or two of the other artistes discussing me, my work, and my personal appearance rather freely. For some reason or other, the manager was particularly venomous, and the things he said about me before my very face were more than human nature could stand.

I promptly lost my temper and, forgetting that I was supposed to be a Britisher who knew no French, expressed my frank opinion of him in the choicest Montmartre slang at my disposal.

I GET ARRESTED FOR THEFT.

I now come to a deplorable event—my arrest for petty theft. It all started in another practical joke, but here again the joke came back and hit me with the unerring instinct of a boomerang.

I was out walking with another man, and as we passed a friend's house I thought I would drop in for a minute. The man who was with me said he would wait outside, and he put down in the doorway a small hand-bag he was carrying and lit a cigarette.

A few minutes later I came out. The bag was still lying in the doorway, but my friend was strolling up and down a few yards away. I picked up the bag and tried to slip away unnoticed. I had got some distance down the street when my friend saw me. He gave a yell and started running after me, shouting, "Stop thief!"

Three seconds later I was grabbed by a policeman.

"Let go, you fool!" I said, struggling violently. "It's only a joke!"

But he hung on. Then, to my horror, when my so-called friend came up, he pretended he didn't know me, and gave me in charge for attempting to steal the bag.

I protested and explained all the way to the police-station, but nobody took any notice of me. I don't know what would have happened next if it hadn't been that the inspector at the station had been at the theatre the night before and recognised me. Then my friend owned up, and I was released.

MUSIC FOR ALL.

A decanter, which plays all sorts of tunes when lifted from the table, is now being sold in London. The sound is produced from mechanism hidden in a false bottom. As you can have any special music to order, our cartoonist suggests that the mechanical attachment with appropriate airs be fixed to other things than decanters. The musical goods depicted below may find a market.



Pick all the holes you can. Five safety-razors for the best criticisms. Mark postcards "Critic." (See page 624.)

NUMBERING THE PEOPLE.

All the Interesting Points About the Great Census.

The first Sunday in April is census night, when all the people in Great Britain and Ireland will be numbered.

A census form, to be filled up by the occupier, will be left during the previous week at every dwelling-house by the census-takers, who are officially known as enumerators.

There will be about 40,000 of these census-takers, and they will deal with 9,000,000 census papers. The printing and classifying of these forms has been a big job. Already it has occupied the staff of the Census Office for nearly a year, and it will take two years to sort and tabulate the forms after they are filled up, so that the whole work of the census from start to finish will occupy three full years.

All the forms will be called for by the enumerators on Monday, April 3rd, so that it will be well for householders to have them ready. It saves a lot of trouble.

Refusal to fill up the form is punishable by a fine of £5, but although such a refusal is not uncommon they rarely persist in it, but give way to a little coaxing and explanation.

One particularly stubborn individual, however, was absolutely deaf to argument when the last census was taken ten years ago. He simply would not fill up the form, nor would he consent to give the information necessary to enable it to be filled up for him. So he was summoned and fined £5. His was the only family not included in the census.

Another householder, a lady, sent £5 on her own account as "conscience money." She had, she explained, under-stated her age. If all the ladies who do this same thing would act in a similar manner, the British Exchequer would be richer by many thousands of five-pound notes, for experience shows that large numbers of the fair sex make themselves out on census day to be younger than they really are.

Twenty-five is the age at which most of them cease to grow any older, at all events on paper. This was clearly shown during the last census, which took place, of course, in 1901.

A novelty about this census is that children will help to take it. Circulars have been sent to every headmaster and mistress throughout the Kingdom, with special hints, and dummy census papers. These latter the elder children are being taught to fill up in proper manner, special attention being directed to the "occupation" column.

Thus, if a child's father is a cab-driver, for example, the child will be asked to impress upon his father the necessity of stating the exact kind of cab he drives—whether a "taxi," a hansom, or a four-wheeler. If the mother should happen to be a nurse—is she a trained and certified nurse, or an uncertified one, or merely an ordinary nurse to children?

By the end of April the filled-in census forms will begin coming back to the Census Office, which is situated near the Tate Gallery in London. The present staff of about fifty clerks will then be largely increased, and additional temporary buildings will be erected.

Similar arrangements will also be carried out in Dublin and Edinburgh for dealing with the Irish and Scottish census papers.

Soldiers will be enumerated by their own officers, except in the case of small garrisons of less than one hundred troops, when the ordinary enumerators will do the work. This arrangement will apply to India, and other stations abroad, as well as to the home stations.

British sailors in both the naval and the mercantile marine will be enumerated by the captains of the ships in which they are serving.

The prisoners in gaols will be counted, the paupers and tramps in the workhouses, the lunatics and idiots in the various asylums, the dwellers in the common lodging-houses, even the human derelicts who will be sleeping out-of-doors that night will, so far as possible, be accounted for, scarcely one will be missed.

When all is completed, it is expected that this year's census—which is the twelfth of Great Britain and the eleventh of the United Kingdom—will show the total population of the British Isles to be about 46,000,000, an increase of something like 5,000,000 in ten years.

Picture Pars

We pay 2s. 6d. for each paragraph accepted for this feature.

We cannot undertake to return unsuitable contributions unless stamped addressed envelope is inclosed.

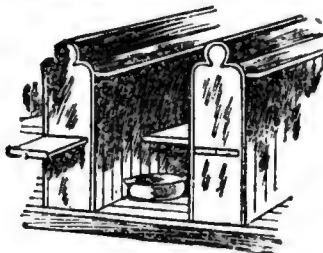
OPENS THE MAIL-BAG.

A SPECIAL bag-opener is used by G.P.O. clerks when they wish to cut the fastenings of mail-bags. It is made like a pair of scissors, except that one blade is made in the form of a hook, and the other takes the form of a concave blade. The hook is placed under the string, and the concave blade when pressed down cuts the fastening and the mail-bag is speedily opened.



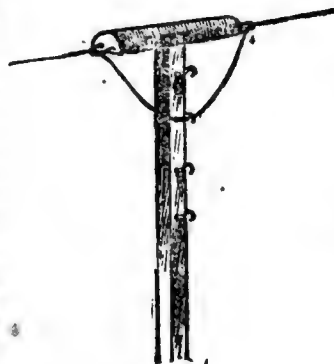
BETTER THAN STANDING.

In many popular churches the seating accommodation is frequently exhausted, and those members of the congregation who are not lucky enough to obtain seats are compelled to stand throughout the service. Of the many devices resorted to in order to increase the accommodation, the idea shown in the illustration is most popular. Sliding seats are attached to the end of each pew, so that when in use a large number of people who would otherwise be compelled to stand are able to obtain seats. When not required the seats slide back into their sockets.



A USEFUL CLOTHES PROP.

So many inventions have been marketed to ease housewives on washing-day that washing at home will soon become a pleasure. The latest clothes-prop is a great improvement on anything hitherto invented. The line passes through the cross-piece on top of the prop, and when it is desired to raise the clothes the line is pulled down and fastened to one of the hooks on the pole.



FOR MOUNTING TRUCKS.

The trucks which are to be seen every day on the roads, drawn along by traction engines, frequently have to be loaded and discharged. There are no platforms or docks provided for their accommodation; and as the tops of the sides are often seven or eight feet from the ground, some owners supply little short iron ladders, which are carried about with other paraphernalia, and are very handy. These are hung on the side, but as the ladder does not touch the ground, provision has to be made to keep it a distance from the wagon, otherwise it would be of little service. This is done by means of two stays about nine inches long, which are fitted to the ladder and prevent it falling close to the truck as shown at A.



THE GLOVE-SWATCHER.

Two Fresh Tricks to Swindle Housewives are Here Exposed.

THERE would seem to be no end to the will of the "Swatcher." Indeed, there is scarcely a trade or occupation that he has not invaded.

This week we deal firstly with the case of a lady, reader who lives at Manchester, who had the misfortune to fall a victim to the wiles of the glove-swatcher, whose methods are as follows:

The trick is practised on ladies; and is carried out sometimes by a man and sometimes by a woman. The "Swatcher" (of either sex) calls on Mrs. Smith at a time when the husband is certain to be out, and says that he is the representative of a draper whose name is pretty sure to be known to the lady. As a proof of his statement, he produces a card, properly printed, with the draper's name.

He produces a box of gloves that appear to be of a very good class.

He then explains that a mysterious lady friend of his prospective victim called at the shop, paid a trifling deposit on the goods, and directed them to be sent to Mrs. Smith.

Mrs. Smith, perhaps, expresses mild interest. But the "Swatcher" repeats her name and address and gives a very precise description of what the mysterious friend said.

"She refused to give her name as she wanted it to be a surprise," says the "Swatcher."

Mrs. Smith's curiosity is sufficiently aroused for her to ask for a description. And it is here that the "Swatcher" scores.

His description is purposely vague; whereupon Mrs. Smith gropes in her memory to try to identify the anonymous donor.

"Has she got so-and-so—and does she speak in a high-pitched voice?" asks Mrs. Smith.

The "Swatcher" says that this is indeed the case, and in this way he tactfully makes Mrs. Smith herself describe an acquaintance.

Finally, as Mrs. Smith is not being asked to pay for anything, but simply to accept the gloves as a free gift, she consents.

When the "Swatcher" has gone she puts on the gloves, and perhaps wears them.

After a few days, to her surprise, the "Swatcher" reappears.

He explains that the mysterious lady never returned to complete her purchase. And as the deposit paid was only sixpence, and the price of the gloves is half-a-guinea, he is reluctantly compelled to request her either to complete the purchase price or to return the gloves.

If she offers to return the gloves, it is pointed out that they have been worn.

Thus she is compelled to pay half-a-guinea for a pair of gloves that is worth about two or three shillings at the outside.

Yet another trick practised upon suburban housewives is the "vegetable-swatcher."

The "vegetable-swatcher" frequents suburban neighbourhoods where even small householders have something of a garden.

As usual he calls while the husband is away. He has with him a boy and a barrow laden with rose-trees and other plants.

He explains to the housewife that he has brought the rose-trees her husband ordered. She denies that her husband ever ordered any; but the "Swatcher" asserts that he did so, as he was going to work that morning; that he was told to deliver the rose-trees and ask for a certain sum of money.

This sum is fixed by the "Swatcher" himself according to the amount he thinks that the housewife can be persuaded to pay.

When asked where he came from he tells the stereotyped "Swatcher" lie, and says that he is in the employment of a local nurseryman.

The housewife pays, and on her husband's return finds that he never ordered the rose-trees.

If, by any chance, the "Swatcher" makes a mistake and finds that the husband is at home, or that she has no husband, he is quite ready.

For a moment he looks perplexed, and then, as in aggrieved tones: "But this is Number 12 Paradise Gardens, isn't it?"

He knows perfectly well that it is not, but that he has been misdirected, and departs in a hurry.

As readers are kindly writing to tell us of all the fresh dodges for getting hard-earned cash from housewives, we shall certainly continue to expose the "Swatcher's" tricks for the benefit of our readers.



How Inspector Vaux Died

He Gave Up His Life for the Fierce Convicts of the Andaman Islands.

THE Andaman Islands, in the Bay of Bengal, are best known as the place to where our long-term Indian convicts are deported.

The scum of Asia is here herded together. Wild Pathans from the Afghan borders, fierce little Bhils from the Central Provinces, Sikhs, and Gurkhas who have been "untrue to their salt" to the extent of meriting condign punishment, big-bearded Baluchees, semi-savage Khonds, whose very name (*Khande*—a sword) breathes slaughter, and many other primitive people, with equally primitive passions, are here to be found.

A large majority of them are murderers, sentenced for life. Nearly all of them are more or less dangerous. They will wait and scheme for years until they get the opportunity to kill a white man. Then they will die happy.

Under such circumstances was Lord Mayo, the Governor-General of India, assassinated by Shere Ali, a life convict, while on a visit of inspection to the islands, and there have been many less distinguished victims. It may well be imagined, therefore, that the lives of the white inspectors who are in control of the Andamanese Native Police, who in turn control the convicts, are not particularly happy ones, or altogether free from care and anxiety.

THEY GO NAKED AND LIVE ON BERRIES.

And there are worse wild beasts in human shape to be found on the islands than the convicts even.

These are the Jarawas, fierce aboriginal savages, who lurk in the dense jungles, and to whom all men are enemies.

An ordinary Andaman native is not a particularly likeable person. Up till quite recently he invariably murdered any shipwrecked sailors or other castaways who fell into his hands. But the ordinary Andaman native is a model of all the virtues by comparison with a Jarawa.

The Jarawas go perfectly naked, live on berries, fish, and the small game they catch in the jungle, and fight with bows and arrows. Their wants, consequently, are few.

One thing, however, they must have—that is iron wherewith to tip their arrows. To them iron is more to be desired than gold, and to procure iron is the object of most of their murderous raids.

It was in November, 1901, and again in January, 1902, that they made two of their periodical forays. A number of convicts were working in the forest on the edge of the impenetrable jungle some twenty-five miles north of Port Blair, which is the chief penal settlement on the islands. The Jarawas suddenly appeared in their midst, and almost under the noses of the armed native guards they succeeded in killing and wounding several, and getting away with their tools. A thick mist prevailed on each occasion, and this helped the raiders to successfully carry out their well-planned surprise, and also assisted them to escape.

VAUX WAS LOVED BY THE CONVICTS.

Usually little or nothing had been done on previous occasions in the way of attempting to punish the Jarawas for such crimes. Perhaps those in authority thought in their hearts that two or three convicts more or less did not matter much. Or they may even have considered it to be a case of "good riddance to bad rubbish." Anyhow, it was argued, to try to seek out these savages in their native jungles was worse than the proverbial search after the needle in a haystack.

On the date of the last two above-mentioned raids, however, there chanced to be in command of the Andamanese Native Police at Port Blair an altogether exceptional man. This was Inspector Percy Vaux, a high-souled, brave, and energetic officer, who was greatly beloved, not only by the natives, but also by the convicts, over whom he exercised an extraordinary influence for good.

Mr. Vaux argued that as all the Jarawas gained by their raids was iron, and as iron was apparently all they wanted, it would pay the Government to let them have a regular small supply of that metal,

if in return for the concession they agreed to commit no more murders, and to remain peacefully in their own jungles, where we had neither the inclination nor the means to follow or molest them.

To this proposition the Government agreed. The difficulty was to open up communication with the savages, whose hostility to all strangers was well known. Inspector Vaux undertook to grapple with this difficulty.

Accordingly he set out alone soon after their second raid, and being a past-master of the art and practice of wood-craft, he actually succeeded, during less than a week's absence, in tracing their jungle paths to their chief place of residence during the rains, which were then on. He returned weak from fever, and with a system saturated with malaria, but after a few days of rest and dosing with quinine he was on his feet again.

Mr. Vaux's next step was to set about organizing a small but picked body of his native police, whom he determined to try and lead to the lair of the Jarawas. This required all his powers of persuasion, for the ordinary Andaman native both hates and fears a Jarawa, and whenever he accidentally meets one it is nearly always a case of killing or being killed on sight.

MUST BE TAKEN ALIVE!

They were, they said, willing to go with Mr. Vaux to fight and kill the Jarawas. But this, he explained, was not his object. He desired to capture some of them alive, and without killing any, so that by treating the captives kindly for a while at Port Blair, and then sending them back to their tribe, communications might be opened up.

This fact was impressed upon the native police, and eventually about twenty volunteers agreed to accompany their inspector, and abide strictly by his instructions, which were that on no account was a Jarawa to be killed or hurt in any way, but that as many prisoners as possible were to be taken.

The little party marched in single file for two

days and nights through the jungle, following the paths Mr. Vaux had previously discovered, and at 10 p.m. on February 24th, 1902, the main Jarawa camp was rushed.

Inspector Vaux, as in duty bound, insisted on being "first in" in an enterprise the danger of which it was almost impossible to over-exaggerate. Indeed, it had previously been given out by leading natives, as well as by many old European residents of the islands, that the whole of the attacking party would almost inevitably be wiped out.

As a matter of fact, however, the surprise was so complete as to utterly paralyse the Jarawas, and there was no real resistance. But, unfortunately, as Mr. Vaux was grappling single-handed with two Jarawas—who, it should be explained, are mere dwarfs not more than four feet high—his foot disturbed the smouldering embers of a camp fire. This immediately blazed up, and another savage standing near let fly an arrow at him.

KILLED BY THE ONLY ARROW SHOT.

The barbed, iron-headed weapon, driven with tremendous force, struck him in the left side, between the ninth and tenth ribs, and passed through his body up to the feathers and a foot out at his back, killing him almost instantly. It was the only arrow shot in the whole affair, and it took as its toll the one life that could least be spared.

His faithful police carried the body the whole way back along the jungle track, no light task, for the savages sniped the party night and day, and several men were wounded.

The news of the gallant inspector's sad end caused the most profound sorrow at Port Blair, especially amongst the poor, degraded convicts, to whom he had proved himself a real friend and helper.

It may be added that the failure of this plucky attempt to open up friendly communication with the Jarawas so disheartened the authorities that the experiment was never repeated, and these savages are now left severely alone.

LAST DAYS!

ENGLISH CUP FINAL. ONLY ONE MORE COUPON AFTER THIS WEEK.

The English Cup Final takes place at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, April 22nd, and we are selecting 100 readers to view this famous football match. In addition to paying for the admission of these P.W. readers to the Palace grounds, we are also bearing the full expense of their visit to London. Our offer, therefore, includes:

- Free return railway ticket from any part of the United Kingdom to London.
- Hot breakfast.
- A drive in a char-a-banc round London.
- Hot dinner at twelve o'clock.
- A drive to the Crystal Palace.
- Admission to the Palace.
- Five-shilling seat in the Grand Stand to witness the match.
- A drive back from the Crystal Palace to London.
- Substantial tea.

This week ten free tickets—five pairs—for the English Cup Final are offered for the best Football Headers on "NEWcastle United," the name of the English Cup-holders.

HOW TO MAKE FOOTBALL HEADERS.

To make a Football Header you take the name of either of the football clubs given above and make a phrase or sentence of three words, the initials of which must be the first three letters, shown above in black type, of the name you have chosen. You may use the three letters in any order you like if it will help you to make a better sentence or phrase. It is this sentence or phrase that is called a Football Header.

Supposing you were given the club SWINDON, here is an example which will show at a glance how to make Football Headers:—Club: SWINDON. Football Header: SUGGESTS "IRON WAYS."

You will notice that we are awarding the tickets in pairs. This is to enable you to bring a friend with you so that your visit to London or Glasgow may be the more enjoyable.

RULES FOR COMPETITORS.

1. When you have filled up the entry form, get your friend to sign his or her name below yours, then cut it out, and place it in an envelope addressed to the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. No other communication to be inclosed.
2. Envelopes with entries for English Cup Final tickets, must be marked "Newcastle" on the top left-hand corner, and those for Scottish Final, "Hearts." All attempts must be posted to arrive not later than Thursday, March 23rd.
3. The prizes will be awarded for the attempts considered the best. After these have been selected a free invitation will be sent to each of the readers whose names appear on the winning entry forms, to travel from the addresses they give to view the English or Scottish Cup Final.
4. The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted.
5. The published decision is final, and competitors may enter on this understanding only.

Results of Football Headers appear on Page iii, of Red Cover.

SCOTTISH CUP FINAL. YOUR LAST CHANCE TO-DAY.

The final football match for the Scottish Cup has been provisionally fixed to take place on Saturday, April 8th, at Glasgow. We are arranging for the admission of 50 readers to view this match, and we propose to defray all the expenses of their visit to Glasgow or wherever the match may be held, as follows:

- Free return railway ticket from any part of Scotland to Glasgow.
- Hot dinner at twelve o'clock.
- A drive to the football field.
- Seat in the Grand Stand to witness the match.
- A drive back from the football field to Glasgow.
- Substantial tea.

This competition is open only to those domiciled in Scotland; for this reason it will appeal to every Scottish reader. This week twelve free tickets—six pairs—for the Scottish Cup Final are offered for the best Football Headers on "HEarts of Midlothian," the name of the popular Edinburgh club. This is our last offer of tickets for the Scottish Final.

ENTRY FORM. "FOOTBALL HEADERS" 23/3/11.

(Write your three words clearly in ink.)

.....

.....

.....

Signed

Address

.....

Signed

Address

.....

"Are you going to marry my sister?" asked the terrible child. "Well, Tommy, as her little brother —



A Clever Tale of a Weary Willie and a Little Work.
By C. D. LESLIE.

MR. HARRIS was looking for work. The season being summer he found the occupation (so long as he avoided getting it) not uncongenial. Gifts of food, bread-and-butter, and tea at kitchen doors, sustained his bodily needs, coppers and sixpences from sympathetic strangers (he could pitch a tale skilfully) enabled him freely to sample the beer of the numerous hostels he passed in his wanderings.

He sat in the bar attached to The Fisherman's Arms, engaged in the sampling mentioned above, alone, save for the barman who had served him with open though silent disapproval.

Mr. Harris was, it must be confessed, painfully shabby, and not the class of customer this particular bar desired to encourage. Into the peace of the saloon three anglers broke noisily in quest of a drink before embarking for a day's sport. Three gins and ginger-beers was the order, which the barman hastened to fulfil with civil alacrity. Three tumblers were raised, but one set down prematurely to a cry of "Oh, the dickens."

"What's the matter?" queried one of the other men.

"Forgotten something," was the reply. "I've just remembered"; and then, this to Mr. Harris, "Here, my man, like to earn a shilling?"

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Harris.

The speaker took out a pocket-book, wrote a few lines on a page of it, and folded and addressed the sheet. "Can you read that?"

"Mrs. Thurlow, The Firs, Bagbourne," read Mr. Harris.

"It's not two miles away, a red house on the right hand side before you come to the village. Take the first road on your left as you leave here and go through Pagby. There's no answer, but give it into Mrs. Thurlow's hands yourself."

"And the shilling, sir?"

"My wife will give you that. I've added a line telling her to. Off with you, be as quick as you can, and he impelled Mr. Harris out into the road, indicating the way with extended arm.

With a show of alacrity he was far from feeling Mr. Harris set forth. It was pleasanter to sit over a tankard in the cool saloon overlooking the verdant lawn that stretched to the water's edge, and he had intended to spend at least an hour there before voyaging further.

He strode along moodily; the sun beat down on him and passing motors dusted his shabby clothes and aroused a raging thirst in their owner. He thought enviously of the man who had given him the job; he would be sitting fishing from a punt, sitting no doubt in close proximity to a well-filled luncheon basket and a stone jar of beer. That was real enjoyment. Fishing was better fun than tramping the road to earn a bob. He felt he disliked Mr. Thurlow for all that he was to make a shilling out of him.

Presently it began to dawn on him that a shilling was a poor wage for the commission. He had been walking some time, three-quarters of an hour he guessed, and he had passed through Pagby and was, as a sign-post had told him, on the road to Bagbourne, but not a red tile of "The Firs" gladdened his eyes.

Mr. Thurlow in stating his house was not two miles from the Fishermen's Arms had said that which was not true. Mr. Harris' sense of injury deepened and he began to ask himself if anything over and above the shilling could be made out of the job, and as he pondered, the idea took him suddenly like a blow between the eyes, so that he halted instinctively, and grinned. It was a great idea, the inspiration of a great mind. And it stood examination.

"Him and me are jest of a size, too," he mused.

Slipping a hand into his pocket he produced the note, unfolded and read it. It ran as follows: "Dear Madge,—I forgot to post the letter to Roberts and Co. They must have it to-night. You'll find it under my blotter in the library,

G. T. Please give bearer the shilling I have promised him."

Having read the missive three times Mr. Harris calmly and deliberately tore it into shreds and scattered them abroad.

Half a mile further he came to "The Firs"; the Thurlows' residence was a snug villa of good size standing well back from the road amid green lawns and gay flower beds. Mr. Harris strode up the gravel approach and rang the front-door bell.

A trim maid-servant answered. "Well, what do you want?" she began tartly at sight of him.

"Mornin', miss!" was the amicable reply. "I want to see your missus, Mrs. Thurlow that is, an' my business is immediate and important, so jest 'urry along and tell 'er."

"Oh, is it! Well, she's not receiving tramps this morning. Wednesday's the day; so you can clear out!" and she made to shut the door in his face, but Mr. Harris deftly interposed a battered boot.

"Look 'ere, miss, I'm a messenger from Mr. Thurlow, and I've brought a note for Mrs. Thurlow. Strite, I 'ave."

"If you've a note, give it to me."

"I'm to give it to Mrs. Thurlow myself."

Grudgingly the maid admitted him, and, tapping at a door, opened it. "Will you please come here, ma'am, there's a messenger with a note from the master in the hall?" she said.

Promptly a pleasant-looking lady emerged into view and came towards Mr. Harris with a glance of inquiry on her face.

That gentleman moistened his lips and plunged glibly into his tale. "Don't be alarmed, mum," he reassured her, "there ain't nothing to get excited over, but your 'usband, mum, 'as met with a slight misfortune."

"Whatever do you mean?"

"'E fell into the river," said Mr. Harris.

"Good gracious! George fell into the river!" The speaker's voice betrayed absolute incredulity.

"Oh, 'e was out again quick enuff, mum, but 'e went right in and under in about seven feet o' water and come out dripping naturally, so 'e's gone to bed in a room in the Fishermen's Arms till 'e's got dry clothes, and one o' his friends told me to 'urry 'ere—I 'appened to be standing on the bank—and fetch a suit o' clothes and underclothes in a little bag and take 'em back to 'im at once."

Mr. Harris paused and coughed, eyeing the lady expectantly; he saw doubt in her face and added hastily:

"I nearly forgot, mum. As I was going Mr. Thurlow calls out, 'An tell my wife,' he says, 'as I've forgotten to post the letter to Roberts and Co., and she'll find it in the blotter in the lib'y.'"

With a troubled mien the lady hurried away, verified the statement, and, all doubt at rest, returned. "Sit down," she told him. "I'll be back directly."

In a very short time she re-appeared, followed by the maid, carrying a smart kit-bag. "Are you sure he's not injured?" she asked him. "He doesn't want me to come to him?"

"I assure you, mum," replied Mr. Harris, snatching eagerly at this opportunity of speaking the truth. "'E's as well as you or I—barring the wetting he got," he hastened to fib.

"How did he come to fall into the river? It's so unlike him to do anything so silly."

Mr. Harris had been prepared for this query. "'E was on the landing stage about to get into the boat," he explained, "an' I think one of the planks was a bit greasy an' his foot slipped, anyhow, all at once 'e tumbled in. Was out again in about a minute an' told the other gentlemen 'e wasn't any the worse. Treated it as a joke."

"Well," said Mrs. Thurlow, "hurry back with the bag. I expect he's waiting impatiently."

Mr. Harris knew better, but murmured respectfully, "Yes, mum!" and obeyed. Fearful of being watched from the windows of "The Firs," he went back the way he had come, but a little further along took a road to the left leading away from Pagby. Both road and country—he had come on from Goring the day before—were strange to him. As

he walked he looked about him for a convenient place to change his clothes. It was his intention immediately to don the habiliments of Mr. Thurlow, abandoning his own, to pawn the bag in Bagbourne, and follow the road to London.

But the seclusion necessary for his transformation seemed hard to find, the traffic of the road gave him no solitude, cyclists and pedestrians continually had him in view. He looked for a by-lane or a convenient clump of bushes in vain. The fields on either side were grass, bare of cover. He trudged on, bag in hand, growing tired and hotter and exceedingly cross.

According to his own estimation, though he possibly exaggerated, Mr. Harris had walked several miles along this aggravating road unable to put his wishes into practice, when he suddenly emerged upon the river again. It wound gently by. Over on the other side he saw a stretch of green that included several thickets, and it occurred to him to cross the stream. The idea suggested itself through the medium of an empty boat, moored conveniently by; he saw no one near but two cyclists on the road so its commandeering would be safe and easy.

Mr. Harris stepped into the boat, loosed the painter, and pushed forth from the bank. He had little skill in oarsmanship, and as he clumsily rowed the current carried him round the bend and he was aware of the proximity of a fishing punt in midstream. He looked at it over his shoulder, pulling harder to clear it, but the sun shining full in his eyes prevented him from seeing it and its occupants at all clearly. At that moment as he had assured himself there was no fear of his drifting into the punt, there came from it a cry and simultaneously a loud splash. Then more shouting, confused cries, "My dear fellow, are you all right?" An answering "Yes," and a voice called:

"Hi, there, look out! Pick him up!"

Dazed and confused Mr. Harris tugged at the oars. Suddenly a hand shot up and seized the side of the boat; next moment (more or less), like Venus rising from the sea, emerged the head and shoulders of Mr. Thurlow—Mr. Thurlow, hatless, but clothed and dripping like a water spaniel. His eyes, under a cascade of water from his hair, blinked at Mr. Harris, and Mr. Harris blinked back. There was a tense moment of silence.

"Hullo!" ejaculated Mr. Thurlow. "You're the fellow I sent to 'The Firs' with a note."

"Yes, sir," confessed Mr. Harris.

Holding on with one hand, the half submerged Mr. Thurlow turned and gave a reassuring call to his friends in the punt, and then, with the ease of a practised swimmer, swung himself out of the water and into the boat. Mechanically Mr. Harris turned the boat's head towards the bank. The intruder made the inevitable discovery.

"Why, that's my bag you've got there."

"Yes, sir. I was bringin' it to you!" Mr. Harris gulped. "It's—it's got a suit o' your clothes, sir, and underclothes. Mrs. Thurlow bid me bring 'em to you."

"But why?" asked the amazed husband.

"She said, sir, as she had a presentiment you'd need 'em," replied Mr. Harris.

"This beats anything! Why, I've never before, all the years I've been on it, fallen into the river. What a wonderful guess of hers! You've come in the nick of time, my man, and you shall have another shilling for your labours when I've changed."

"Thank you, sir," said Mr. Harris, and he chuckled inwardly as he rapidly pulled ashore.

THE CAT AGAIN.

THE lodger came down to breakfast in a hungry frame of mind.

"Mrs. Rodgers," he cried, "where is my breakfast?"

"I'm sorry, sir," said Mrs. Rodgers. "I cooked a nice piece of fish for you, but the cat—"

"Confound the cat! Bring me some cold chicken then."

"I'm sorry, sir, but the cat—"

"What! Then bring me some eggs."

"There are no eggs, sir; the cat—"

"Hang it then! Cook the cat, and we'll have them all at once!"

"MANY a father prevents his boys from acquiring knowledge."

"How?"

"By making it a rule that they mustn't touch his books unless they wash their hands."

NO FORMS TO FILL.

No premium, no expenses whatsoever. Sign the coupon you will find on page iii. of the red cover, and you will be insured against accident for £1,000 downwards. Do it now.

Hang Your Own Wall-paper

Mr. P. Doubleyou Tells How to Do It.

ON Lady Day, March 25th, many of our readers will be changing their quarters, and no doubt some of them would like to emulate Mr. P. Doubleyou's performance. He has wall-papered one of his own rooms, and it looks very nice—at least, so he says.

Anyway, it will be an interesting little task, and can be carried out quite cheaply.

The chief things required are an oblong kitchen table at least six feet long, a pair of scissors, and an apron with a bib, and a pocket for the scissors, and a cloth to press the paper to the wall. Also



Cut off the margin on the right-hand side only.

a whitewash brush (cost 1s. to 5s., according to taste) to apply the paste, and a step-ladder if the room is high enough to require it.

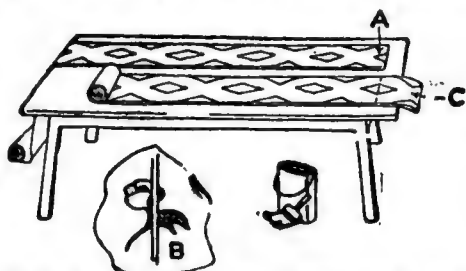
Any loose paper should be removed from the wall before commencing work, and holes should be stopped and made even with a little plaster of Paris made up like mortar.

The paper is bought in rolls twelve yards long, and about twenty-one inches wide. There is a margin on each side about three-quarters of an inch wide. One of these has to be cut off, otherwise there would be a broad seam visible when the paper is hung.

Holding the paper in the left hand the roll is allowed to unwind on the floor, as in the first illustration.

The operator cuts off the right-hand margin close to the pattern and gradually rowinds the paper as he goes on.

Having prepared as many pieces as are necessary, a piece of the paper a few inches longer than the



Always cut your paper so that the pattern will be continuous. Diamonds will have to be whole; a flower will have to be complete.

height of the wall to be covered is cut off. This is laid face upwards on the table, picture No. 2 A.

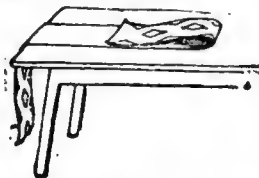
Now arises a little difficulty. When the paper is hung the design must be continuous. In a set pattern, like the picture, the diamonds must be in rows. In a figured design, B, the stalks and leaves must join to their corresponding parts in the next piece.

In the piece A alternate diamonds on the margins are bisected. It will be necessary to fit similar half diamonds to these, then when the paper is pasted together a complete figure will be produced. To effect this the paper must be arranged on the table before the roll is cut and a certain amount of waste, C (which may be kept for future repairs) must be sacrificed.

In this way cut as many pieces as may be desired to commence with. The lengths must then be turned over having the face down on the table. An expert arranges them so that they lie as in the third sketch, one margin overlapping the other. When the paste is applied any surplus over the edges simply rests on the piece below, and does not get on the

face of the paper. Having pasted the portion of the paper which lies on the table turn up the end carefully and lay the two pasted sides together, picture four. Then the remainder of the piece is drawn on the boards and likewise pasted.

It is necessary to commence applying the paste to the end of the paper which will be near the floor when hung, say the bottom end. When the piece is pasted the operator places his two forefingers under the paper about a foot or eighteen inches from the top, having the pattern next to his hands, so that the paper does not stick together, see



When you have pasted the top end of a sheet turn it up like this. It will allow the remainder of the sheet to be drawn on to the table.

our last illustration, and in this way carries it to the wall. He judges the distance from the ceiling where to apply it, and sticks it on and then turns the overhanging flap up to the top. If a little too high he draws a line on the angle between the wall and the ceiling with the back of

his scissors and cuts off the surplus. Then, taking every care that the paper is upright he gently pulls down the piece that was turned up at the bottom and lets the paper adjust itself to the wall.

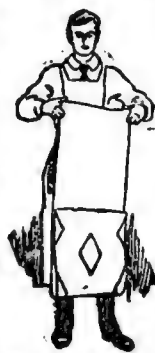
He then gently presses it in place with a dry cloth, removing air bubbles and wrinkles.

The next piece is hung to the right of the preceding one, the pattern being carefully united.

It is well to commence work on a clear side of the wall, where it is highest, and work up to a door or a window, filling in short lengths afterwards. The paste is made by mixing wheat flour into a perfectly smooth cream with cold water. This is poured into an iron pail and boiling water from a kettle is poured over gradually, stirring thoroughly the while. It will soon begin to thicken.

The right consistency is difficult to explain, but it should be thick enough to drop from the bucket when inverted, but not to pour out in a stream. If too thin placing the pail on the stove will tend to improve it, but it must be stirred continuously to avoid lumps. As a guide, a pound of flour should make two quarts of paste.

Paperhangers smooth the paper on the wall with a clean dry whitewash brush, but the amateur is hardly likely to have two of these brushes, and a clean cloth will do quite as well.



The correct way to carry a sheet of pasted paper to the wall.

PROVERBS BARRED.

THE milkman struggled to his feet from amid the ruins of his broken cart, rubbed the mud from his eyes, scraped the dirt from his coat, dabbed his face with his handkerchief, glanced at his horse, which was just disappearing round the corner, and turned to face the crowd of interested spectators that had just collected.

"All I've got to say," he began, rolling up his coat sleeves, and screwing his face into a hideous scowl, "is that the first ruffian who says something about it being no good crying over spilt milk, is going to get his head punched!"

SETTLED WITH THANKS.

ALONE in the dining-room sat Lucy. Alone, hoping, waiting for her Fred to call to make up the quarrel that had separated them the night before.

Hark! What is that? A step outside! 'Tis he!

Lucy fled to the door to find a manly form waiting in the dim light.

"Come in, my darling!" cried Lucy, dragging the figure into the dark room. "Come and sit beside your Lucy and say you forgive her. Say you will never quarrel again. Let us settle peacefully once more."

"Yes, mum," replied a hard, strange voice. "That's what I've come about. My instructions are if you don't settle I'm to cut the electric light off!"

Then Lucy switched on the lights to find she had been spooning with a horrid electrician!



"Can it really be my own self? and this photo taken only a year ago! I must take Antipon at once, as all my friends seem to have done. They all say what grand stuff it is."

REMOVE THE CAUSE OF YOUR EXCESSIVE STOUTNESS.

Recover an Inapproachable Figure, Youthful Looks, and Perfect Health and Strength.

"It's all very well to say 'remove the cause of your excessive stoutness.' How am I to do it?" That is doubtless what many an impatient stout reader will fretfully ask, remembering past experiences and innumerable failures. It is, alas! these fatal failures that make hardened sceptics, who are loth to accept the most conclusive proofs that obesity can be cured—and cured permanently.

Doubting reader, it is infinitely easier and simpler to remove the cause of obesity than it is to remove the cause of gout, uric acid in the blood and tissues, or the causes of innumerable other diseases. And then the process is pleasant and quite harmless, and leaves you physically stronger and mentally more alert and "fit" for work and pleasure than ever you were before, not to speak of the graceful, slender, and well-knit figure which is the welcome result of the famous Antipon treatment when consistently followed.

Whenever one sees a person who is painfully overstout one feels inclined to whisper discreetly, "Antipon! Why don't you take Antipon?" At any rate, those fortunate persons who, at one time enormously stout, have recovered slenderness and good health after a course of Antipon have the inclination to spread its fame everywhere they go. It is, indeed, through such personal recommendations from friend to friend that the sterling merits of Antipon have become universally recognised. Antipon is matchless for rapid weight-reduction in obesity in all its stages and conditions. More than that, it holds a place all its own as a lasting cure for the disease, inasmuch as it roots out the stubborn or chronic tendency to make fat in abnormal quantity and to retain enormous accumulations of it both subcutaneously and internally, thereby destroying both beauty and health. Antipon relieves the vital organs of this stifling fatty matter, and removes all excess of subcutaneous fat wherever the unprepossessing and flabby growths occur. To diminish the waist measurement is not everything. Antipon restores natural beauty of contour in every part—face, figure, and limbs.

There is no need to put up with any hardships in the way of dietary restrictions, &c. Antipon, wholesome food in plenty, fresh air, and gentle exercise are all-sufficient to make a new being of you—slim, active, strong-limbed, steady of nerve, and full of energy. The old-time methods of reducing fat by half-starving the unfortunate subject, and poisoning him (or her) with mineral and other objectionable drugs are (for some still survive in specious modern disguises) worse than the disease of obesity itself. Avoid all such perilous processes, and remove the cause of excessive stoutness by taking Antipon. There is a decrease varying between 8oz. and 3lb. within the first twenty-four hours.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by Chemists, Stores, &c.; or, in the event of difficulty, may be had (on remitting amount), carriage paid, privately packed, direct from the Antipon Company, Olmar Street, London, S.E.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

He was only a little Liverpool lad, and there was a suspicion of a tear in his eye as he approached his boss on the eve of the Cup Final.

"Please, sir," he stammered, "may I have to-morrow off to go to my grandmother's funeral?"

A peculiar light shone in the great man's eye. Was it possible that he suspected?

"Certainly, Jimmy!" said the boss kindly. "And I'll come with you. I've won a 'Pearson's Football Header' myself!"

And all the clerks who heard gnashed their teeth in envy.

"JOHNNY, you have been fighting. I can tell it by the look in your eye."

"Yes, mother, and you ought to see the look in the other boy's eye."

MEANT WHAT HE SAID.

"THERE is something wrong with my right foot," said the man at the hotel counter. "Can you direct me to a good carpenter?"

"Ha! Ha!" laughed the hotel clerk, winking at the lady bookkeeper. "You mean chiropodist, sir?"

"I said carpenter."

"Yes, I know; but that's ridiculous! Of course you want a chiropodist to attend to your foot. Ha! Ha!"

"Young man, don't be ridiculous! I want a carpenter. My right leg is a wooden one."

Census Taker: "What is your age, madam?"

Lady: "Did the lady next door tell you her age?"

Census Taker: "Yes, madam."

Lady: "Then I'm three years younger than she is!"

HE TOOK THE BUNS.

"LET me do the shopping this week, my dear," said Mr. Knowall firmly, "and you will see the difference in the expense. That baker of yours, for instance, only allows you six buns for sixpence. I shall get seven—watch me."

Round to the baker's went Mr. Knowall. On arriving, he pointed at a pile of buns on the counter and said fiercely:

"I want seven of those buns for sixpence."

"But—"

"No buts, please. I want seven of those buns for sixpence. Here is the money. Put them in a bag."

The girl hesitated, and finally took the sixpence, handing over seven buns in exchange.

"See, my dear," said Mr. Knowall to his wife. "I knew I could do it. Here are the buns. Seven for sixpence."

"Yes, dear," cooed Mrs. Knowall, "but these are halfpenny buns!"

Lady: "Do you know, you are the tenth person to-day who has asked me for help?"

Tramp (sadly): "Yes, I know the competition's getting awfully keen laddy. I suppose some of us'll have to go to work soon."

NO TIME LIMIT.

"MR. BILES," began the young man, "I will not detain you for long. I have come to ask you for your daughter. I—"

"Young man," said Mr. Biles, "do you—"

"Yes, sir, I fully realise that she has been very carefully brought up, and I realise she has had every luxury."

"Can you—"

"No, sir. I admit I cannot fully support her in the style to which she has been accustomed, but I will make a good husband."

"Will you—"

"Yes, sir. I will always work hard to keep her in comparative ease."

"Would you—"

"No, sir, I would not expect any assistance from you."

"Young man, I rather like your style. You don't waste any time. Good—"

"Morning, sir."

IN DAYS GONE BY.

Mrs. Liteknight: "Could you oblige me with a heavy hammer, a chisel, your pincers, and half-a-dozen rivets?"

Mrs. Knightlight: "Certainly. Are you doing a little sewing for the children?"

Mrs. Liteknight: "No. My husband ripped his Sunday coat yesterday, and I want to mend it."

Charitable Lady: "Poor woman. Are you a widow?"

The Poor Woman: "Worse than that, lady."

"What do you mean?"

"My husband is living, and I have to support him."

HE SPOKE TOO SOON.

TOMKINS was visiting Bloggs, and the latter conducted him round the art gallery.

"That chap's my wife's first husband," said Bloggs, pausing before the picture of a young man.

"What, that funny chap? He! He!" laughed Tomkins. "What an awful guy he looks, doesn't he? I like that nose, takes up half his face. Really, it's awful, but, I say, I didn't know your wife was a widow before you married her."

"She was not," said Bloggs coldly. "That is a portrait of myself at the age of twenty-one!"

"HARRIS's cow broke into my garden and ate all the grass off the lawn."

"What did he do about it?"

"Sent me in a bill for using his cow as a lawn-mower."

WARRANTED TO SHRINK.

THE man was evidently in trouble, for his face worked convulsively as he sidled up to the counter of the haberdasher's shop.

"I thought you told me that vest you sold me would not shrink?" he demanded.

"And it will not," replied the tradesman. "If it should shrink, all you have to do is to bring us the vest and we will return your money."

"That's just what I can't do," said the man sorrowfully. "I got caught in the rain this morning and now I can't get the beastly thing off."



A GOOD TONIC.

Angry Mother: "Goodness! Willie, what are you doing to baby?"

Little Willie: "We're playin' doctor, mamma, an' I've prescribed a mud bath for him!"

CLEVER GIRL!

"DARLING," whispered the young man, "will you marry me?"

There was no reply from the maid, and a gruff voice from the corner answered, "Yes! Yes! Yes!"

"What does this mean?" asked the suitor.

"It means that father forbade me to answer 'Yes' if you proposed," replied the girl, "so I have employed a phonograph!"

Diner: "Here, waiter, are these pork or mutton chops?"

Waiter: "Can't you tell by the taste?"

Diner: "No."

Waiter: "Then what does it matter?"

THE LIMIT OF CHEEK.

BROWN is a brave man, and when the other night he heard a noise downstairs he promptly arose, took a poker, and proceeded to investigate the cause.

On reaching the hall, the light of the candle he carried revealed a burglar in the act of leaving the house.

"Hi!" cried Brown. "Come back!"

The burglar turned and gazed in surprise at Brown.

"What's the matter?" he inquired. "Have I forgotten anything? Ah! of course. The candle-stick you are carrying. Thank you so much."

Then, before the astonished Brown could do what had happened, he seized the candle-stick and vanished into the night.

He: "If I should kiss you, what would you do?"

She: "I never meet an emergency until one arises."

He: "If this emergency rose now, how would you meet it?"

She: "Face to face."

TWO OF A KIND.

PRIVATE JONES wanted a week's furlough, so he approached his captain with a pitiful tale of a sick wife who needed him sorely.

The captain was not convinced. He suspected Private Jones of exaggeration, so he said:

"I'm afraid I can't grant you leave. I have received a letter from your wife, and she says she hopes I won't allow you to come home as you behave very badly towards her."

Private Jones saluted, and turned to leave the captain's presence, but paused at the door to say:

"Captain, may I say something to you as man to man?"

"Certainly," replied the captain.

"Well," said Private Jones,

"all I want to say is that you and I are two of the finest lads living. I'm not married at all!"

"MAY I ask your name?" said the reporter.

"Certainly," replied the fashionable young man. "My name is Jo Neese."

"Jo Neese!" Excuse me, how do you spell it?"

"J-o-n-e-s—Jo-Neese," replied the fashionable one.

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"J-o-n-e-s—Jo-Neese," replied the fashionable one.

Suppose you were the owner of a bulldog. Suppose also that your dog were tailless enough to bite a passer-by—

WHY DON'T YOU START TO-DAY?

Driven from Home!

BEGIN READING HERE.

This story opened with a dramatic scene in the vicarage at Hallard's Cross in which John Hume, the vicar, discovering his wife's unfaithfulness, by the appearance of Mrs. Mowle, a midwife and blackmailer, commands Betty Hume to leave his house for ever.

Twelve years elapse and Mimi, the vicar's only daughter with only a hazy remembrance of that terrible scene at the vicarage, is in love with David Inglis. But in consequence of a suspicion—unfounded, as a matter of fact—that David is connected with the murder of the husband of Phoebe Kenyon, who happened at one time to be in love with David, John Hume has used every effort, fair and unfair, to keep Mimi and David apart.

By doing this the vicar has played into the hands of Rupert Lang, an unprincipled blackguard who wishes to marry Mimi for the sake of money he knows will come to her.

Lang is in league with Mrs. Mowle, who now trades as Madame Frayle, beauty specialist. They believe that Mimi's mother has murdered Mr. Kenyon, and they know that David has sheltered her for Mimi's sake. This fact is held over Mimi's head as a weapon—by Lang for his own designs; by Madame Frayle for blackmail.

The blackmailer lives in the same block of flats as Inglis, and she has intercepted a letter from Mimi to him, and substituted another which said:

"David, I never wish to see you again.—Mimi." The young journalist has believed this to be a genuine letter, and it has led to their drifting farther and farther apart. Finally, David has fallen into the prepared snare and become engaged to Phoebe Kenyon, while Mimi, though she hates Lang, has yielded to his importunities and promised to marry him.

Peggy Fossall, Mimi's bright little cousin and friend, has vowed to thwart Phoebe and Lang and bring Mimi and David together again.

She discovers that there is a skeleton in Phoebe Kenyon's cupboard, and that Bramley Basildon, stockbroker, holds the key to it.

The last chapters tell how Mimi, believing she may have wronged David, comes to London to see him.

David's faithful little landlady, Mrs. Wex, who has set her heart on Mimi and David making a match of it, admits Mimi and tells her that David will not be a minute.

He is really at Phoebe's, but in answer to Mrs. Wex's telephone call that Mimi wants him, he leaves the widow, despite her frantic efforts to keep him back, and hurries home.

A tearful explanation from Mimi, the truth from David, and the two are reconciled.

That same night David learns that Rupert Lang has a wife. The following day he goes down to Hallard's Cross to the Humes'. The vicar has had a stroke, and to satisfy him Mimi and Lang have gone through a mock marriage ceremony.

(You Can Now Read On.)

CHAPTER FIFTY-SIX. Phoebe Names Her Wedding Day.

It took much to depress Peggy Fossall, but after a long letter from Mimi from Hallard's Cross, Peggy went quietly to her bedroom and indulged in what she called a good old grumble.

"I know your first thought, dearest Peggy, will be to come to me," ran a part of this letter. "I want you to understand why I would rather you did not come. Father's still terribly ill! Thank God, he will live, but he is much changed and will never be the same. Peggy, dear, I asked him if he wouldn't like you to come—but he's never forgotten I stayed with you when I came up to London—and you championed my David. I've only touched lightly on what happened that dreadful night of my return to Hallard's Cross. Rupert Lang has not been here since. David went back next day, having stayed at the Red Lion, but these things cannot be written about, Peggy."

There was much else, though Mimi had not described all that had happened.

Peggy told herself to buck up. If she could not be helping Mimi and David at Hallard's Cross, there was plenty of scope for her in London—to help David, in particular.

Peggy's was a nature which enjoyed a fight, and the greater the odds against her the more determined she was to secure victory. And being a remarkably independent young person, quite accustomed to stand

alone, she was in no way dismayed when she found that the task she had taken on of outwitting Phoebe Kenyon and uniting the lovers, Mimi and David, was going to be an unusually difficult one.

All through life it was only the difficult tasks that had appealed to Peggy; in her school days, either in the class-room or the playing-field, it had always been sufficient for someone to say to her, "This or that is beyond your power," for Miss Peggy to throw up her little head, square her shoulders, and know no rest until she had accomplished the task.

But Phoebe was going to be a hard nut to crack—as Brother Bob would have expressed it. So was Brother Bob's principal, Mr. Bramley Basildon.

She had succeeded very well with the latter, too well for her peace of mind, for honest Peggy had never knowingly laid herself out to captivate a man before. She had always taken the natural joy of a healthy human being, which is akin to the joy of a healthy human animal, in her good health, her clear brown skin, her rippling, auburn hair, her bright eyes, her general sense of well-being, and the pleasant reflection the mirror showed her on all occasions.

She enjoyed pretty clothes which helped to decorate the beauty Nature had lavishly given her. But it was Bramley Basildon, that great, big, clever, stupid man, who suggested the use to which her beauty and her brilliant little brain might be put.

And in a minor degree Phoebe Kenyon had given her ideas on the subject of the Subjugation of Man. Naturally, she knew the majority of women were not as Nature made them. She knew that without the aid of the dentist, the dressmaker, the corsetière—and the firm of Crashington—more than half the women in the world would have no existence in the lives of men. And she reasoned that Phoebe did not spend a couple of hours with a collection of kiss-curls, a rouge pot, and an eyebrow pencil, a powder-puff, and Crashington's special straight-front corsets, without obtaining some benefit thereby.

And that which took Mrs. Kenyon a couple of hours or more to accomplish was Peggy's by divine right. A cold tub, a stiff hair-brush, and five minutes with the dumbbells, and Peggy was a picture to make Diana envious.

And Bramley Basildon, if she had only known it, was already regretting that one weak moment in his life when, instead of running a mile to avoid Peggy, he had admitted her to his private office. Mere curiosity, he acknowledged, and the possession of a dreadfully keen sense of humour. For the woman who had written the impertinent little note she had sent in must be a phenomenon; something unique, something worth seeing. As an ordinary male thing he had been interested; as a business man his instincts had been excited.

So he had admitted Peggy, had seen her, and was conquered. During their little luncheon in the City restaurant she had chatted gaily to him on everything under the sun; of books, of sports, of work, and of play, of friendship, and of love. His usual twenty minutes for a chop had drifted into an hour, and when they parted he realised he had learnt nothing—except that Peggy Fossall was unlike any other woman in the whole world.

A most dangerous lesson, if only he had realised it. One that every man must learn sooner or later to his own undoing. Every woman is unlike every other woman in the world, but the stupid, stronger sex lumps them all together then picks out one and cries, "Lo, the paragon!"

He returned to his office puzzled, amused, interested—and found himself vaguely irritated by the ticking of his tape machine. Every quarter of an hour or so he asked himself irritably the real reason of Miss Fossall's visit. To buy half-a-dozen five-shilling shares in a Rubber company!

He sent for Bob, and under pretext of giving him certain instructions about the business, tactfully sounded him about his sister—her home, her work—and her future prospects.

"Jove, Peggy's gone and done it!" was Bob's inward comment as he escaped.

Now, Peggy's greatest fault was impatience; she had taken the first step with a fair measure of success, and now she had to sit down and wait for Basildon to take the next. She waited several days and nothing happened; she did not quite know what could happen, but she studied the Stock Exchange news and tried to take an intelligent interest in it. Her interview had convinced her that she was on the right track, and that in his dealings with Mrs. Kenyon, Basildon had become possessed of some secret not entirely to that lady's advantage. For Peggy had been crafty, and while they discussed sport, casually asked him whether

(Continued on next page.)



SKIN HEALTHY

IN SPRING!

Banish Itching, Pimples & Rashes

THE first crop of Spring Pimples, Blackheads, and nasty eruptions are now beginning to appear, and unless the skin is at once protected and corrected by Zam-Buk, there is danger of more serious skin disease.

Zam-Buk gently and regularly applied gives remarkable flexibility to the tissues, and induces the blood to circulate better. Thus the outer skin gets properly fed, normal activity of pores and glands restored, accumulating poisons which cause Spring blotches and pimples are extracted, and the skin tissue is made sound and strong.

Zam-Buk, which is an ingenious combination of herbal saps and juices, acts as a powerful antiseptic, soothes pain and itching, allays all chafing and soreness, takes out inflammation, and destroys the germs that set up eczema, ulcers, and other skin-diseases. Zam-Buk is absorbed right into the tissue and imparts to the skin freshness, flexibility, and lasting clearness.

Zam-Buk

Soothes and clears the skin.

Heart Pains, Palpitation



It is our intention to give away 10,000 of these generous sample supplies of the OXIE Treatment for the Heart to genuine sufferers from Heart complaints. We do not require a penny in payment, as we are doing this to more thoroughly advertise the preparation. This large sample supply ought to demonstrate to everyone who takes it the wonderful curative powers of OXIE.

OXIE is guaranteed to be free of all poisons. Poisons and opiates merely stimulate the heart for a few hours. They do no permanent good, and cause great deal of harm to other organs. OXIE is a medicine in tablet form containing the concentrated extracts of several herbs of well-known curative powers—a medicine provided by Nature. It is easy to take, and gives certain permanent effects.

OXIE first corrects the digestion and ensures a pure blood supply. Its principal effects lie in the health it gives the nerves (the motive power of the heart's action) and upon the Heart itself. OXIE is a cleansing, purifying medicine that tears down diseased waste tissue and adds new healthy tissue in its place. It regulates and aids the circulation of the blood.

You need not take OUR word for this. We have an ample number of proofs of what OXIE does. We can refer to hundreds of people who can tell even better than we can what OXIE has done for them.

Among the people cured are noticed principally those who suffered from PALPITATION, SHORTNESS OF BREATH, HEART PAINS, FAINING FITS, NEURALGIA ABOUT THE HEART, GIDDINESS, NUMB SENSATION IN LIMBS AND ARMS, COLD HANDS AND FEET (denoting bad circulation), THROBING VEINS AND BLOOD VESSELS, PAINS IN THE LEFT SHOULDER, DROPSY. A great number have been cured of Heart Disease that has resulted from RHEUMATIC FEVER and the poisons of RHEUMATISM in the system.

An illustrated treatise on Heart Disease, written by a specialist, together with a list of some of the people cured, will be sent with the Free Supply. Parcel sent in plain wrapper. Address:

**THE GIANT OXIE CO. LTD. (DEPT. GDT),
8 BOUVERIE STREET, LONDON, E.C.**

What would you say to appease the injured one's wrath? Here is a chance for real originality.

he had met David Inglis—"Very clever with the gloves, I believe."

Basildon knew him by name.

"There's a rumour that he's engaged to be married to our mutual acquaintance, Phoebe Kenyon," was Peggy's next remark, and she had seen Basildon start, and a moment later he asked her whether David had money.

Phoebe always seemed to have plenty, so it was rather queer if she were in financial difficulties.

Though Peggy had to remain idle for two or three days after her visit to Bramley Basildon, her brain never rested; but the waiting and the uncertainty made her a little irritable. Mimi wrote her a grateful note from Hallard's Cross in answer to the one Peggy had sent. And though it was bravely written she detected a note of anxiety in it, she knew the heartache Mimi must be undergoing, and, unless she were less than human, the pangs of jealousy she must often feel.

Peggy knew she had done right in taking up the cudgels on her behalf; Mimi, tucked away in the Rectory at Hallard's Cross, was helpless, and David, because of his great love for her, was in Phoebe's hands.

"Peggy, you are very restless," Anne Fossall said one afternoon, after several vain attempts to make her niece attend to some useful sewing. "I don't know what's come over you during the last two or three days; I hope you're not in love."

Peggy gave a wild shriek of delight. "Does love make one restless?"

Anne Fossall shook her head. "It's a most disturbing influence, that's all I know."

"Then I wish I knew whether Bramley is feeling disturbed. Yes, I am restless," she acknowledged, "I think I'll go out and pay a visit and walk it off."

She put on a new hat she had just bought for Mr. Basildon's edification—or his downfall—which she had not yet had an opportunity of wearing; Anne regarded it gloomily.

"The present fashions—"

"Are always at war with the past," Peggy interrupted, giving her a hearty kiss. "Back to tea, I expect!"

Peggy Fossall intended to work off her restlessness by another visit to Mrs. Kenyon. Phoebe might be feeling restless too; she hoped she was, and Peggy believed in the advice she had heard tendered in the ring at Havasham's: "Keep your opponent on the move." The only thing she could do at present in her mental fight with Phoebe was to keep her busy, to give her no rest, to irritate her. The opponent who lost his temper invariably lost the fight. So while Bramley rested after her first round with him she rang the front door bell at Felix House, intending to have another set-to with Mrs. Kenyon.

When the footman opened the door the first thing Peggy saw was a hat and stick on the hall table. Phoebe had a visitor. Somehow or other the hat looked like David Inglis'.

She stepped lightly into the hall, and then asked if Mrs. Kenyon were at home. The footman remembered her.

"I think Mrs. Kenyon's engaged; if you'll come this way I'll see."

He showed Peggy upstairs, but not into the drawing-room. To her surprise he opened the boudoir door. Peggy sniffed the air like a war horse.

Perfumed! Of course! Bah! Still, it was a snug little room; the surroundings perfect—for Phoebe. Very little light penetrated through the window, the glass carefully hidden by little dainty, lace-trimmed curtains. Just the sort of room in which a man would be encouraged to make a fool of himself.

If it were David Inglis' hat she saw, Peggy wondered why Phoebe was entertaining him in the drawing-room. Perhaps they had quarrelled.

A cheerful fire burned in the grate, a huge armchair was drawn up in front of the blaze; on it a book lay open, face downwards; a big, fat book. Peggy glanced at it casually expecting to see the title of some modern erotic novel.

"Every Man His Own Lawyer!"

Peggy gasped. What could Phoebe be doing with a book of that description? Perhaps one of her visitors had been Rupert or his father, Gideon Lang, the lawyer. But no, a tiny scented handkerchief lay beside the volume.

She glanced quickly round the room. The door was closed; she listened a moment. She stooped down and picked the volume up! Books were public property, and "Every Man His Own Lawyer!"

Peggy looked at the page where the book had been laid down, and which Phoebe had evidently been reading.

"Criminal procedure. . . . Forgery!"

The book almost fell from Peggy Fossall's hands. Criminal Procedure. Could Phoebe—Forgery!

She gave vent to a subdued shriek of excitement. Was she holding in her hands the key to the cupboard where Mrs. Kenyon hid her skeleton? But for the moment, to Peggy's clean, healthy mind, the idea seemed outrageous. Not the idea of crime so much as the idea of dishonour which horrified her. Phoebe Kenyon a forger! No, no, it was absurd.

And yet she had called Bramley Basildon a dear thing, she had promised to send him a further cheque on account; she had turned pale when Peggy told her

she was off to pay Basildon a visit. Had she forged his name, or had she put a false signature to some deeds or script?

Peggy's hands were trembling so that she could scarcely hold the book; the print danced before her eyes. She read a few lines here and there. Then she heard footsteps in the passage outside; she put the book down on the chair just as she had found it, and turning faced the door as it opened. She hoped she would see Phoebe; just what she was going to say she had no idea.

Unfortunately it was only the footman. He held the door wide open. "Mrs. Kenyon can't possibly see you to-day, miss." He waited for her to pass out.

Peggy shrugged her shoulders. As she walked along the heavily-carpeted corridor she dropped her handkerchief just outside the drawing-room door, and stooping to recover it her umbrella slipped from her grasp. The servant stepped forward to help her; it took several seconds for Peggy to recover herself, her handkerchief, and her umbrella, and during this handful of seconds she heard a manly voice proceeding from the drawing-room; she recognised it as David's.

She followed the footman very slowly down the broad staircase; she was fumbling in her little handbag now, extricating a pencil and a slip of paper from a tiny pocket diary she carried. As the footman slowly opened the front door and looked into the street to see whether Peggy was walking or driving, she hastily scribbled two or three words on the scrap of paper, and, as she passed the hall-table, dropped it into David's hat.

She gave the servant a delicious smile as she tripped down the steps, and glanced at him out of the depths of her blue eyes.

For she was learning the value of a smile and a glance. The staid servant felt suddenly flustered; most of his mistress' visitors thought it well-bred to be supercilious and arrogant to servants. He walked quickly through the hall, and going down to the servants' quarters informed the butler that, "that there Miss Peggy Fossall was a bit of all right."

Meanwhile, David Inglis was having a bad quarter of an hour with his sweetheart. Phoebe had taken the gloves off now, and unmasked. When David did not reply to the first letter she had sent him, Phoebe had waited awhile, her wrath increasing with every hour that passed, until it was at white heat. Then she launched what was intended to be her ultimatum.

Though she would not own as much to herself, Peggy's original visit had frightened her a little. She knew she had been gambling—in more senses than one. She possessed all the superstitions of the gambler. David had for a blissful moment been in her arms; she had all but made him hers for eternity. And then, at the supreme moment, he had left her. Yet she knew, while she held his secret, of the Bewlay Street murder, he could not escape.

But if Peggy Fossall unearthed her secret? Of course, there was but the remotest chance of that happening. Nevertheless, Phoebe was an old enough hand to know that life is made up of a series of coincidences and the unexpected. She was taking no more risks.

She wanted David Inglis. She was going to have him at all costs; by fair means or foul. Hers alone; her husband. Whether he loved her or hated her did not much matter now, so long as she became his wife—so long as no other woman could possess him.

And, finging aside the mask from her face, she told him, without a blush of shame, that she could not wait any longer.

"I sent for you, David, to tell you that the date of our marriage must be fixed at once. This very day."

David was not taken by surprise; he had almost expected this. He looked steadily into the crafty yet pretty eyes.

"You know that I don't love you—can never love you?"

She pretended to smother a little yawn. "That's why I want to marry you, stupid. You'll make such a nice, sober, steady old hubby. Such a change after—!" She checked herself as she saw David's eyes harden, lips press together. "Still, one never can tell," she continued. She lay right back in her chair, crossing her knees, folding her arms behind her head, and half-closing her eyes.

If Mrs. Wex could have seen her, that honest little old soul would have blushed with shame of her own sex. . . . Making such an exhibition of herself!

FOOTBALLERS—

Amateurs, professionals, or just those who take an inactive interest in the great winter game—will find full and reliable reports of all important matches in the London

Daily Express

the favourite morning newspaper.

Everywhere, One Halfpenny Daily.

Phoebe was simply experimenting; from idle curiosity, and perhaps also in order to hide from David the extent of her jealous fears and passions roused by the conduct on leaving her at the supreme moment of the fatal afternoon, and the visit from Peggy Fossall that had followed.

Had she still the power, she wondered, to quicken his blood, and quicken his pulse by a subtle appeal to her physical charms and languishing airs?

No; to-day David Inglis was adamant. A steel, and as hard.

"Our marriage," he said slowly. "Then you are determined to keep me to my promise—do you realise that I know everything that's happened lately?"

"Don't waste your breath, David. Yes, I know, I keep you to your promise. I want to know the date of our wedding. Unless you fix it, I shall leave the house, so that it can be announced in the morning papers to-morrow—well, I shall be sure that the police are put in possession of all I know concerning what happened on the night of the Bewlay Street murder."

"I take it, that is a threat."

Phoebe possessed pride of a certain sort; she kept her temper under control. "A promise, I mean, dear," she whispered. And she laughed softly.

David was not looking at her; he thought she was made too seductive, and so he dared not look at her lest he were overcome again. She did not know the stuff of which he was composed. Now that he was sure of Mimi's love no woman on earth had power to move him.

And for the sake of the woman he loved he would marry the woman he had learnt to hate and despise. There was no way out of it. If he refused, he would face Betty Hume and through her John Hume and Mimi.

For himself he did not care. If this woman, Phoebe Kenyon, had held only his life in her hand, he would have stepped lightly on to the scaffold and then begone.

But Mimi's mother—and her sad and distant secret.

"Well, I'm waiting."

It was at that moment that the servant entered the room with Peggy Fossall's card. Phoebe glanced at it, and her teeth met in her lip as she tried to suppress an exclamation of annoyance.

"Quite impossible to see her; send her a message once."

As soon as the servant had retired David spoke. "In six months' time, shall we say? It would be a time of indecency sooner."

The scorn and contempt in his voice cut like a knife. "You didn't think of that the other day when you lay in my arms and took my kisses, and—"

He took a step towards her. "Silence, woman! Don't tempt me too far, or—"

She jumped to her feet, clapping her hands with mock delight. But her eyes scintillated like those of a tigress, watching its prey, waiting to strike at its thirst in its blood.

"You're delicious when you're virtuous. Poor little Mimi."

"Keep her name out of it, please. And you must realise that when you are my wife—if you force me to marry you—I shall use my power as a husband to make you do no harm to those I love. And while you bear my name I shall expect you to respect it."

"You're splendid," she cried. "That's the sort of husband I want—a real lord and master. You want beat me, I hope, when I annoy you?" She came close to him and ran her hands along his arms. "You're so strong—why, your arms are like iron bands—and I'm such a weak little thing."

He stepped back. "In six months, then."

The rebuff stung her. "No—in six weeks' time. Directly after your fight with Rupert Lang. Oh, yes, I've heard all about that. I'd like to see it. You won't let him hurt you, will you, David? You must come to me on our wedding night in the full pride and glory of your strength."

A sickening sense of repulsion filled David's whole being. She had crept to his side again; was touching him, mauling him—cat-like.

"In six weeks' time," he cried. "And God help us both, for our marriage will be a mockery and a sham in His sight."

He strode towards the door, but she got there first. "Take care of yourself, David; train well, won't you, so that you're fit for—the fight? A kiss, before you go."

He held himself very erect; he looked like a fighter just then; a gladiator of old in modern dress. As far as Phoebe was capable of love, she loved him with every fibre of her being. She would have stooped to any depths to win him.

"A kiss!"

"No!"

An instant they stood looking at one another. Scorn and contempt in the eyes of one; baffled desire and jealous love in the eyes of the other.

"You refuse?"

"Absolutely! You can make me your husband—but your plaything never!"
She opened the door and passed out, David following. It was well that she did not show him the expression on her face just then. It boded no good to him when they were man and wife.

She led the way into the hall. As David took up his hat and stick the footman appeared. Phoebe was ready with her revenge.

"Good-bye, dear," she said clearly.

"Good-bye," he echoed.

As he put on his hat a slip of paper fluttered to the ground. The footman stooped to pick it up; Phoebe called him sharply by name. David was descending the steps.

"Shut the door," Phoebe cried.

The man-servant obeyed. And Phoebe retrieved the page Peggy had torn from her pocket diary. Holding it clenched in her left hand, she mounted to the boudoir, and, flinging herself into the chair before the fire, she spread the little slip of paper out. Half-a-dozen words were scrawled almost illegibly across the page.

Phoebe Kenyon spelt them out, and her teeth met in her nether lips, drawing blood. Jumping to the bell she rang it violently.

CHAPTER FIFTY-SEVEN.

Cupid in the City.

The message which Phoebe Kenyon read on the slip of paper seemed harmless enough in itself:

"Back up, all will come right!"

How could it have got into David's hat except through Peggy Fossall? Who could have written it but that insolent madcap girl? What did it mean: "Back up, all will come right!"

Phoebe's wrath, at white heat, bottled up too long, overflowed. She raged up and down the room while she waited for the bell to be answered. Volgar little beast, she told herself; who were the Fossalls? Commoners without breeding or education; and Peggy! What a name! She looked it.

And yet Phoebe would have given five hundred a year for her hair, her complexion, and her buoyant vitality.

Phoebe's maid opened the door of the boudoir.

"I'm going out at once," she said. "Tell Jacobs to telephone to the garage for the motor-car to be here immediately. I shall wear my furs and the grey toque with the ostrich plume."

Before going to dress she flung herself in front of the bureau, and unlocking a drawer took out her private memorandum book. She turned the pages until she found the date on which David Inglis was going to fight Rupert Lang.

In four weeks' time. Her sharp white teeth gritted. Then she would marry David in four weeks' time.

She made a mark with a blue pencil against the day following the fight with Lang. Her breath came quickly, the nostrils of her nose dilated; yes, he should come hot from victory to her arms.

She instinctively knew that he would beat Rupert Lang. She wanted him to do so now—because he was going to belong to her. She had realised that afternoon more keenly than ever before his splendid vitality, the fine figure and rippling muscles hidden beneath the conventional clothing.

In four weeks' time. She tried to laugh, but it resolved itself into a self-satisfied snarl. She was still in the grip of her fury. And in the midst of it came the ebb and flow of fear.

Did this Peggy Fossall suspect her? She could not know anything, she could not even guess—unless Bramley Basildon— But Phoebe dismissed that idea from her mind, though she would suspect her best friend, yet she had summed up Basildon pretty correctly. He would never betray her.

Before dressing to go out she looked through her bank passbook. No matter how big her allowance or her income she had always lived in excess of it, her balance at the County of London Bank was painfully small. And there was her tressou to obtain. Well, she could obtain that at Crushington's on credit. He would have to extend her credit pretty considerably! She could manage him. But it was absolutely necessary that she should send Basildon another cheque on account. She had promised it. She would have to risk an overdraft at the County of London Bank.

Contemptuously tossing her passbook into the drawer, she drew forward a sheet of notepaper, and commenced to write the announcement of her wedding for insertion in the leading London newspapers.

This done to her satisfaction she went to her bedroom, where her maid helped her into her furs, then she drove round to the offices of THE POST and THE COURIER, and handed them her "copy." Its insertion in the Society and personal columns cost her half a guinea in each case; money well spent.

She glanced at her watch, half inclined to go on to the City and see Basildon. She could do more in five minutes alone with him than in any amount of conversation over the telephone, or half-a-dozen letters. But the hour was late, and he had probably left the City, so she stopped at the Savoy for tea.

(Continued on next page.)

4-DAY BEAUTY SECRET FREE

It Makes the Skin as Pure and Clear as a Lily.

GREAT DEMAND ON CHEMISTS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY FOR
DAVID MACQUEEN'S FAMOUS "VEGETINE."

Free to-day to readers of this journal is a wonderful 4-day Beauty Secret—the most famous Beauty Secret in the world.

In every part of the country the effects of this splendid Beauty Secret are being shown in the pure skins and lily-clear complexions of those who make use of it.

The leading chemists throughout the country report a large demand for boxes of this great discovery by ladies and gentlemen whose skins and complexions are not at present quite as pure and clear as they would like them to be.

In some cases the local supplies of the "Vegetine" Beauty Secret have run right out, and many have been disappointed in their efforts to secure this wonderful secret for themselves.

Any reader of this paper who would like to try this safe and certain remedy for all Skin and Complexion defects can do so to-day free. To-day is this opportunity given. Now is the moment to seize it before it passes by. Write to the address below—enclosing a penny stamp to cover the return postage—and at once you will be sent—

free of all cost or obligation—a box of "David Macqueen's Vegetine," a truly wonderful creator of Skin Perfection and Complexion Beauty.

Here are some of the common Beauty blemishes rapidly and permanently removed by this 4-day Beauty Secret.

- Pimples,
- Spots and Eruptions,
- Greasy Skin,
- Rough, Red Skin,
- Unhealthy Pallor,
- Blackheads,
- Dull, Discoloured Skin,
- Muddy Complexion,
- Sallowness,
- Red Nose,
- Pale Lips,
- Skin Rash,
- Carbuncles,
- Dull, Glassy Eyes,
- Lack of Colour,
- Tired Appearance and General Lassitude.

If you are troubled by any of these disfiguring defects write at once for a free 4-days' trial supply of "David Macqueen's Vegetine." It is the only cure, and you will be absolutely delighted at the improvement this famous Beauty Secret will work in your appearance.

DEVELOPS BEAUTY FROM WITHIN.

What is the secret of the astonishing success of "David Macqueen's Vegetine"?

It is this—David Macqueen's Vegetine "Develops Beauty from Within" and cures the outward blemishes by banishing their INWARD CAUSES.

Each one of the above visible skin and complexion defects is the visible surface sign of an invisible trouble working inside the system in the blood.

The blood becomes impure and forces the impurities with which it is laden through the skin. Impure blood is the cause of all these eruptions and appearance-blemishes. Purify the blood and these defects will vanish automatically. This is what "David Macqueen's Vegetine" does. It mixes with the blood. It improves the digestion. It stimulates the circulation. It drives out the impurities, and the eruptions, rashes, pimples, rednesses, and greasiness which so disfigure your appearance vanish almost immediately.

But "David Macqueen's Vegetine" does more than this. It not only banishes these skin and complexion blemishes, but it improves the appearance directly and positively—it

purifies the blood and cleanses the skin—it imparts new energy to the whole system—it gives a freshness and brightness to the looks that were absent before. Your eyes sparkle with a new light. Your skin is refined to the delicate purity of the lily, and your cheeks assume that delicious colouring which makes everyone exclaim: "What a charming complexion!" And in addition to this you feel better altogether in yourself, brighter and happier in every way.

DELIGHT OF USERS OF THIS WONDERFUL BEAUTY SECRET.

The hundreds of letters which reach the offices of the David Macqueen Co. every day show how delighted are those ladies and gentlemen who have applied for and received this great Beauty Secret.

"You will be pleased to hear that after taking Vegetine my complexion has become most beautiful and clear," writes one gentleman.

"It has cleared my complexion wonderfully," is a lady's comment.

"My complexion, which used to give me great trouble, is absolutely without fault or blemish of any kind," writes a third.

These extracts are taken quite at random from hundreds of communications daily received. And this remedy you can now test for yourself absolutely free.

Why waste your money on useless creams, lotions, and other outward-application preparations?

They cannot remove complexion defects which come from within. They simply "cover them up" for a very brief period, and ultimately they make your skin coarse and blotchy. "If you want to get the best results from a face-cream," says a well-known writer on hygiene, "buy a quart and rub it with both hands on your favourite tree for an hour each day. It may not hurt the tree, but it will do your complexion far more good than if directly applied."

But David Macqueen's Vegetine "works from within," and in the words of that world-famous authority, Professor Boyd Laynard, it is "a wonderful remedy."

It contains nothing harmful. There are no dangerous drugs, salts, or mineral substances. The pure products of the vegetable kingdom, containing the complexion-beautifying qualities of Spring and Summer sunshine and rain (the "warm, sweet rain" of

June), are alone used for its blemish-destroying constituents.

"Vegetine" is sold by all chemists and stores, including every branch of BOOT'S CASH CHEMISTS, TAYLOR'S DRUG STORES, TIMOTHY WHITE CO., LEWIS and BURROWS PARKES' DRUG STORES, or, if any difficulty, direct from the David Macqueen Co., Paternoster Row, London, E.C., post free, at the following prices:

ONE MONTH'S COURSE	1s. 11d.
THREE MONTHS' COURSE	2s. 9d.
SIX MONTHS' COURSE	4s. 6d.

TRY THIS WONDERFUL BEAUTY SECRET FREE.

But first of all try it free. See what it does in four days, and judge from this how wonderfully you will be benefited by a month's treatment.

Fill up the coupon below. Send it (with only one penny stamp to cover return postage) to the David Macqueen Co., Paternoster Row, London, E.C., and you will be sent at once a four days' supply of this wonderful Beauty Secret, which will banish all blemishes from your skin, give you a perfect complexion, and make you look years younger than you do at present, all absolutely FREE.

"4-DAY BEAUTY SECRET" FREE COUPON 3426.

To THE DAVID MACQUEEN CO., Paternoster Row, London, E.C.
Dear Sirs,—Please send me, free of all charge or obligation, a 4-day Trial Supply of DAVID MACQUEEN'S FAMOUS VEGETINE BEAUTY SECRET.

I enclose a penny stamp to pay the postage of same to the following address:

Name

Address



At all Chemists. In Boxes at 1/1½—2/9—4/6.

As the London County Council are thinking of adopting a Coat of Arms, why should not your Editor have one?

And then, having worked off the worst of her temper, she drove home.

Peggy took tea with Aunt Anne as she had promised. She was in the best of spirits again, and her worried relative really began to fear Peggy had fallen in love. She remembered vaguely the symptoms—and they were not unlike those she had experienced during her unfortunate bout of measles. Spasms of depression, excitability, rapid pulse, and a temper!

"Peggy, I wish you'd tell me his name, and whether he's suitable," she said quite seriously, laying down the red flannel petticoat and eating a macaroon. For Anne possessed a sweet tooth.

"Eminently suitable," Peggy grinned, "and I should think he's making five thousand a year. He's something in the City."

And then she went into fits of uncontrollable laughter. The idea that she could be in love with Bramley Basildon was distinctly humorous. No! Nice, honest, stupid, clever Basildon was, of course, the last man in the world who would win her heart. Yet she was conscious of a queer sensation when she thought of him, a very queer sensation—a sort of tingling in her toes which crept up her body until it reached her head and caused temporary giddiness.

She liked him very much. That was why she had moments of shame at the part she played. She was throwing herself at his head; not exactly making love to him, but luring him to fall in love with her.

She told her conscience severely that it was the only way. But she could not understand that queer little thrill from her toes to the top of her head. And she looked at Aunt Anne a little suspiciously.

"I suppose you've quite recovered from your attack of measles. How long does one remain infectious after the disease is over?"

Aunt Anne hastily swallowed her macaroon. "My dear child, you don't think—"

Peggy looked deadly serious. "Well, I've got a queer feeling. If I don't feel better I shall see the doctor to-morrow."

And a few minutes later she was deep in thought dictating a letter to Mr. Bramley Basildon. It was time she saw him again, it was time something happened. In itself the letter was a model of propriety. Even Anne, had she seen it, would have approved, if she had not discovered the white lie at the end.

"DEAR MR. BASILDON,—How is rubber going? I'm really very anxious about my shares. Perhaps I ought to buy a few more. If you were not so busy I'd like to see you and talk it over. But perhaps you'd better ring me up—there's a telephone in our building—020, Norwood.—Yours sincerely, PEGGY FOSSALL."

P.S.—"I'm leaving London almost at once for some time; would like your opinion re rubber before I go."

Peggy was not disappointed at the result of this carefully concocted letter, for next morning about eleven o'clock the hall porter knocked at the door of her flat and told her she was wanted on the telephone.

She skipped downstairs, but directly she entered the little box in the hall and put the telephone receiver to her ear and heard Bramley Basildon's voice, she again experienced that curious little thrill which had made her suspect infection from Aunt Anne.

"Oh, yes, I'm Peggy—Miss Fossall, I mean. Awful morning, isn't it—grey fog here. . . . No fog in the City? . . . Oh, how I wish I were in the City! I don't mean that—I'm afraid I couldn't. Am I leaving London? . . . Well, that all depends on circumstances. I might go at any moment or I might not. . . . You can't tell me about rubber over the 'phone?"

For a few seconds Peggy was silent, and Basildon did all the talking.

"Of course, I'd like to lunch with you very much, but I really don't know that I ought to. . . . You really want to talk to me? Yes, the City is rather a long way off. . . . Of course, the Savoy would be lovely, but—Very well, one o'clock then!"

She hurried upstairs tingling all over. She took a sudden spasmodic interest in Aunt Anne's clothing for the West African niggers.

But at a few minutes to one she was driving in a smart taxi-cab from Victoria to the Savoy Hotel, wearing the new hat which was to be Bramley Basildon's undoing.

She reached the hotel in good time, but Mr. Basildon was already there and had been waiting for several minutes. This was a good sign.

He was obviously a little nervous and embarrassed. Another good sign. He had engaged a table in the centre of the room near a window which overlooked the Embankment.

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"When you were a young man, I suppose?" she said roguishly.

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"Haven't you settled down?" Peggy asked, fixing him with her blue eyes.

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"Yes, I suppose marriage is a lottery," Peggy sighed, trying to look very wise and only succeeding in looking deliciously wicked—in a delightfully innocuous, girlish way. "There ought to be some system devised, you know; for I believe each man has his counterpart, or twin soul, or whatever you call it, somewhere in the world waiting for him."

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"Perhaps Mr. Inglis is a friend of yours?"

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Basildon scowled. "No—yes—I mean black and white. Yes, two coffees. Why do you want to be a man? You're much nicer as a woman."

"Because if I were a man I'd find some way of stopping this marriage. And I mean to stop it if I can. I'd give anything in the world to stop it," she said, looking him in the face.

Basildon lit a cigarette, the hand that held the match was not quite steady. "You'll have to be quick; I suppose you saw the announcement in this morning's *Post*?"

Peggy shook her head.

"The wedding takes place in a month's time."

Peggy gave a suppressed cry. "It doesn't. Oh, I wish you could help me," she whispered earnestly.

He was silent; the waiter brought the bill and Peggy looked at her watch with a suggestion of irritation. "I'm sure it's time you were back in the City."

"Yes, I suppose I ought to go," Basildon said regretfully. "The time's simply flown, and, by Jove, we haven't mentioned Rubber."

"How stupid of us," she pouted. "Of course, I despise my poor little investments, but they're very important to me."

They walked through the lounge side by side, Basildon expostulating. "I assure you I don't look upon you as one of my most—most important clients. In fact, I shall insist on your driving back to the office with me. I'm floating a new Tea company, you'd better take a few shares; it's going to be something big."

Peggy replied that it was time she went home; Basildon pleaded. The porter called a taxi cab and she entered it with the stockbroker. But neither Rubber nor Tea were discussed. Basildon was silent, but though he said nothing his face was expressive. Peggy was absently looking out of the window.

"Come up and I'll show you the prospectus," Basildon said when the cab stopped at Basildon House. He led the way to his private office and shut the door. While he unlocked his bureau Peggy gazed at her. She was wondering where Phoebe Kenyon's secret was locked away. In the bureau, in the top board on the left, or in the great big safe, facing her?

Perhaps it was locked away in Basildon's heart. He was talking about Tea, but she did not hear what he said; she was thinking of the announcement in that morning's *Post*. In a month's time!

If she were to save the lovers and see them happily united there was not a moment to be lost. Perhaps by her visit to Phoebe she had done more harm than good, the latter might have become suspicious.

It was a case of now or never. She was about to put a leading question concerning Mrs. Kenyon to Basildon when the ringing of the telephone bell interrupted her. She picked up a copy of *The Post* and turned to the Society column. She paid no attention to the one

added conversation she heard over the telephone until she suddenly heard Basilidon mention the name of "Kenyon."

The newspaper rattled in her hands. She opened it to its fullest extent, hiding herself behind it, and listened.

"All was fair in love and war, she told herself. Hold the line a moment," Basilidon said into the receiver.

He turned away from the telephone, took the keys out from the bureau, and, bending down, unlocked the door.

Peggy peeped over the edge of the newspaper. He was fumbling with some papers; then she saw him open a small drawer and take out what looked like a sheet of foolscap, to which was attached a letter and some slips, which might have been receipts or cheques. Glancing through them he replaced them in the drawer and shut it, closed the safe and locked it. At that moment a clerk entered the room, and Basilidon looked up quickly. A client wanted to see him.

"Ask him to wait a few moments," Basilidon said sharply. He waited until the door was closed, then went back to the telephone.

"Yes, the date is the twenty-fifth. I've received nothing since the eighteenth of last month. I don't want to be impatient, but you must realise—"

Evidently Mrs. Kenyon interrupted him. Peggy watched the expression on Basilidon's face. It startled her a little; he looked so severe. She realised then that she was dealing with a man, a very strong man.

Phoebe had been gambling, perhaps, and owed him a lot of money. Yet instinct told Peggy there was something more than that, for Phoebe Kenyon was evidently frightened, and in a hurry to marry David. And the book she had seen lying in her boudoir—"Every Man His Own Lawyer," and the page open at "Forgery."

"All right," Bramley Basilidon said into the receiver. "Hold the line a moment longer, and I'll speak to my head clerk; he knows."

He put the receiver down and left the room. It seemed as if for the moment he had forgotten Peggy's presence.

The door was ajar. Peggy rose from her chair and dropped the newspaper. It was now or never. Interrupted by the entrance of the clerk, Basilidon had left the keys in the safe.

And in that safe, and in one of the little drawers lay Phoebe Kenyon's secret. It might be nothing, it might be everything.

Every Man His Own Lawyer Forgery!

The suggestion was too strong to be ignored. A chance too great and too rare to let slip through her fingers. She listened for a second, then very quietly closed the door.

Was it dishonourable? Phoebe Kenyon had been behaving dishonourably. Was it taking a mean advantage? Phoebe was taking a mean advantage.

And Peggy Fossall was not acting for herself. What mattered more in the world than love? Not only Mimi's happiness was at stake, but her honour, and perhaps the life of her mother.

These thoughts flashed through her brain with lightning-like rapidity. Not half-a-dozen seconds had passed since Basilidon left the room.

She knelt beside the safe. She turned the key in the lock. The doors swung open silently. Her hand went out unerringly to the little drawer and she opened it.

There, on the top, were the papers Basilidon had looked at. She held her breath as she opened them. Her hands were perfectly steady, her bright blue eyes had lost their colour, they were like golden flames now.

The letter—she glanced at it first; signed—Phoebe Kenyon. She just scanned the writing. . . . It was an agonised appeal.

"Yes, I confess it. . . . Pity and forgive me. . . . You know the life my husband led, he always kept me short of money. . . . I told him I was deeply indebted to Crashington, but he laughed. My account was overdrawn. In a moment of madness and rage I signed your name on one of my cheques. I intended to tell you afterwards. I hoped, as you were doing business for me, that you would look upon it as being merely borrowed, and I thought, too, that the shares I had purchased would rise; I could refund the money. . . . Pity and forgive me. . . ."

Peggy read no more. A whole minute had elapsed. At any moment Basilidon might return. A cheque was pinned to the letter, she looked at it.

"Pay Crashington's, or order, the sum of six hundred pounds." The signature—Bramley Basilidon.

Even to Peggy, who did not know Bramley Basilidon's signature, there was something queer about this, something a little shaky and feminine.

She heard a voice in the outer office. She was tempted for a moment. Tempted to "borrow" these incriminating documents, and with them confront Phoebe. Her fingers closed over them. But she couldn't do it. She couldn't steal.

She was behaving badly enough—to Bramley Basilidon—as it was. But love was on the scales. She must win for the lovers.

(Continued on page 620.)

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Within Two Minutes of the Stock Exchange. Direct Private Wires.

It affords us particular pleasure to once again be in a position to inform the public generally by this

PUBLIC ANNOUNCEMENT

THAT OUR ADVICES REGARDING

TRUNK 3rds

are bearing fruit to an unprecedented extent. We would refer you to the large displayed advertisement in "The Daily Telegraph," of January 23rd, the "Daily Chronicle" and all other leading daily papers, when we so confidently predicted a huge advance in the price of this issue on January 20th, at which time the Stock was obtainable at £53 12s. 6d. Since this date the Market has gone ahead, as evidenced by our further displayed announcements of Jan. 25th, when the price was 53s, and of Feb. 11th, the stock then being quoted at 55s. The quotation for the Stock is now

STRONG 58⁵/₈ BUYERS

and without question going to **80**

Since this advice was placed before you we have been inundated with testimonials written in most eloquent terms, from thousands of satisfied clients and the general public who before we had never had the pleasure and privilege of transacting business with, and one has but to pause for one moment to consider that if there was the

SLIGHTEST ELEMENT

of doubt in our own minds as to the Stock advancing to such a marked extent as created the furor that has been shown over this security, we should not have had the temerity to insert such confident announcements as was the case.

If you have not already participated, do so without delay, for this is not like the

PARSON'S EGG

but is, without the slightest doubt, good for a further **21³/₈** point advance without delay.

FACTS SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES

and for this simple reason we have referred you to advices that we absolutely hammered into readers

PUBLICLY

before the event, whereby acting on our exclusive advices and public announcements, which have in every particular instance without one solitary exception proved amazingly correct, not only correct but so colossal have the profits resulting been, whilst acting on this information, that thousands and thousands of clients and the public are in a state of utter astonishment at the immensity of the profits and also at the marvellous reliability of our advices.

Operators this year have already received over

£117,000

6,370 New Clients in 1911, and daily increasing.
Without any Further Risk or Liability Whatever.

Secure a Continental Call Option for

30

Clear Days from the time of giving Instructions at

8/- per £100 Stock

A Remittance of £2	Secures	£500 Stock for 30 Days.
" " £4	" " Call Option on	" " £1,000 " "
" " £5	" " "	" " £1,250 " "
" " £10	" " "	" " £2,500 " "
" " £20	" " "	" " £5,000 " "
" " £25	" " "	" " £6,250 " "

Sums of from £2 to £500 may be remitted.

On the Stock rising only to	an outlay of
£2 secures a profit of	£36 17 6
£4 " " " "	£73 15 0
£5 " " " "	£92 3 9
£10 " " " "	£184 7 6
£20 " " " "	£368 15 0
£25 " " " "	£460 18 9

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This is a "Cinch"!

Take a Large Interest.

Immediate Cash Settlement.

Liability Limited. Profits Unlimited.

Write for Copyright Editions of

"THE EQUITABLE INVESTOR"

and Booklet, entitled

"OPTIONS EXPLAINED."

Gratis and Post Free.

Do Not Let us Hammer in the News Needlessly.

This Order Form may be filled up and forwarded with remittance.

Order Form for Trunk Third Stock.

To THE SECRETARY, THE EQUITABLE EXCHANGE,
Empire House, Wormwood Street, London, E.C.

Sir,—I wish to secure Continental Call Option for Thirty Days on Trunk Third Stock, for which I enclose remittance value £ It is thoroughly understood that my liability is strictly limited to the amount enclosed.

Please forward receipt and contract as usual. Yours truly,

NAME
(Rev., Mr., Mrs., Miss, or Title.)

P.W. ADDRESS

DATE

Cheques, Money Orders, and Postal Orders crossed
"National Provincial Bank of England."

—I will give a P.W. Match-box. Humour and originality count more than drawing. Mark postcards "Arms." (See p. 624.)

And then, having worked off the worst of her temper, she drove home.

Peggy took tea with Aunt Anne as she had promised. She was in the best of spirits again, and her worried relative really began to fear Peggy had fallen in love. She remembered vaguely the symptoms—and they were not unlike those she had experienced during her unfortunate bout of measles. Spasms of depression, excitability, rapid pulse, and a temperature!

"Peggy, I wish you'd tell me his name, and whether he's suitable," she said quite seriously, laying down the red flannel petticoat and eating a macaroon. For Aunt Anne possessed a sweet tooth.

"Eminently suitable," Peggy grinned, "and I should think he's making five thousand a year. He's something in the City."

And then she went into fits of uncontrollable laughter. The idea that she could be in love with Bramley Basildon was distinctly humorous. No! Nice, honest, stupid, clever Basildon was, of course, the last man in the world who would win her heart. Yet she was conscious of a queer sensation when she thought of him, a very queer sensation—a sort of tingling in her toes which crept up her body until it reached her head and caused temporary giddiness.

She liked him very much. That was why she had moments of shame at the part she played. She was throwing herself at his head; not exactly making love to him, but luring him to fall in love with her.

She told her conscience severely that it was the only way. But she could not understand that queer little thrill from her toes to the top of her head. And she looked at Aunt Anne, a little suspiciously.

"I suppose you've quite recovered from your attack of measles. How long does one remain infectious after the disease is over?"

Aunt Anne hastily swallowed her macaroon. "My dear child, you don't think—"

Peggy looked deadly serious. "Well, I've got a queer feeling. If I don't feel better I shall see the doctor to-morrow."

And a few minutes later she was deep in thought dictating a letter to Mr. Bramley Basildon. It was time she saw him again, it was time something happened. In itself the letter was a model of propriety. Even Aunt Anne, had she seen it, would have approved, if she had not discovered the white lie at the end.

"DEAR MR. BASILDON,—How is rubber going? I'm really very anxious about my shares. Perhaps I ought to buy a few more. If you were not so busy I'd like to see you and talk it over. But perhaps you'd rather ring me up—there's a telephone in our building—020, Norwood.—Yours sincerely,
"PEGGY FOSSALL."

P.S.—"I'm leaving London almost at once for some time; would like your opinion re rubber before I go."

Peggy was not disappointed at the result of this carefully concocted letter, for next morning about eleven o'clock the hall porter knocked at the door of her flat and told her she was wanted on the telephone.

She skipped downstairs, but directly she entered the little box in the hall and put the telephone receiver to her ear and heard Bramley Basildon's voice, she again experienced that curious little thrill which had made her suspect infection from Aunt Anne.

"Oh, yes, I'm Peggy—Miss Fossall, I mean. Awful morning, isn't it—grey fog here. . . . No fog in the City? . . . Oh, how I wish I were in the City! I don't mean that—I'm afraid I couldn't. Am I leaving London? . . . Well, that all depends on circumstances. I might go at any moment or I might not. . . . You can't tell me about rubber over the 'phone!"

For a few seconds Peggy was silent, and Basildon did all the talking.

"Of course, I'd like to lunch with you very much, but I really don't know that I ought to. . . . You really want to talk to me? Yes, the City is rather a long way off. . . . Of course, the Savoy would be lovely, but—Very well, one o'clock then!"

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Basildon scowled. "No—yes—I mean black coffee. Yes, two coffees. Why do you want to be a maid? You're much nicer as a woman."

"Because if I were a man I'd find some way of stopping this marriage. And I mean to stop it, if I can. I'd give anything in the world to stop it," she said, looking him in the face.

Basildon lit a cigarette, the hand that held the match was not quite steady. "You'll have to be quick; I suppose you saw the announcement in this morning's Post?"

Peggy shook her head.

"The wedding takes place in a month's time." Peggy gave a suppressed cry. "It doesn't. Oh, I wish you could help me," she whispered earnestly.

He was silent; the waiter brought the bill and Peggy looked at her watch with a suggestion of irritation. "I'm sure it's time you were back in the City."

"Yes, I suppose I ought to go," Basildon said regretfully. "The time's simply flown, and, by Jove, we haven't mentioned Rubber."

"How stupid of us," she pouted. "Of course, I despise my poor little investments, but they're very important to me."

They walked through the lounge side by side. Basildon expostulating. "I assure you I don't look upon you as one of my most—most important clients. In fact, I shall insist on your driving back to the office with me. I'm floating a new Tea company, you'd better take a few shares; it's going to be something big."

Peggy replied that it was time she went home; Basildon pleaded. The porter called a taxi cab and she entered it with the stockbroker. But neither Rubber nor Tea were discussed. Basildon was silent, but though he said nothing his face was expressive. Peggy was absently looking out of the window.

"Come up and I'll show you the prospectus," Basildon said when the cab stopped at Basildon House. He led the way to his private office and shut the door. While he unlocked his bureau Peggy gazed around her. She was wondering where Phoebe Kenyon's secret was locked away. In the bureau, in the top board on the left, or in the great big safe, facing her?

Perhaps it was locked away in Basildon's brain. He was talking about Tea, but she did not hear what he said; she was thinking of the announcement in that morning's Post. In a month's time!

If she were to save the lovers and see them happily united there was not a moment to be lost. Prompted by her visit to Phoebe she had done more harm than good, the latter might have become suspicious.

It was a case of now or never. She was about to put a leading question concerning Mrs. Kenyon to Basildon when the ringing of the telephone bell interrupted her. She picked up a copy of THE POST and turned to the Society column. She paid no attention to the one—

... conversation she heard over the telephone until she suddenly heard Basil don mention the name of "Kenyon."

The newspaper rattled in her hands. She opened it to its fullest extent, hiding herself behind it, and listened.

"All was fair in love and war, she told herself. Hold the line a moment," Basil don said into the receiver.

He turned away from the telephone, took the keys from the bureau, and, bending down, unlocked the safe.

Peggy peeped over the edge of the newspaper. He was fumbling with some papers; then she saw him open a small drawer and take out what looked like a sheet of foolscap, to which was attached a letter and some slips, which might have been receipts or cheques. Glancing through them he replaced them in the drawer and shut it, closed the safe and locked it. At that moment a clerk entered the room, and Basil don looked up quickly. A client wanted to see him.

"Ask him to wait a few moments," Basil don said shortly. He waited until the door was closed, then went back to the telephone.

"Yes, the date is the twenty-fifth. I've received nothing since the eighteenth of last month. I don't want to be impatient, but you must realise—"

Evidently Mrs. Kenyon interrupted him. Peggy watched the expression on Basil don's face. It startled her a little; he looked so severe. She realised then that she was dealing with a man, a very strong man.

Phoebe had been gambling, perhaps, and owed him a lot of money. Yet instinct told Peggy there was something more than that, for Phoebe Kenyon was evidently frightened, and in a hurry to marry David. And the book she had seen lying in her boudoir—"Every Man His Own Lawyer," and the page open at "Forgery."

"All right," Bramley Basil don said into the receiver. "Hold the line a moment longer, and I'll speak to my head clerk; he knows."

He put the receiver down and left the room. It seemed as if for the moment he had forgotten Peggy's presence.

The door was ajar. Peggy rose from her chair and dropped the newspaper. It was now or never. Interrupted by the entrance of the clerk, Basil don had left the keys in the safe.

And in that safe, and in one of the little drawers lay Phoebe Kenyon's secret. It might be nothing, it might be everything.

Every Man His Own Lawyer Forgery!

The suggestion was too strong to be ignored. A chance too great and too rare to let slip through her fingers. She listened for a second, then very quietly closed the door.

Was it dishonourable? Phoebe Kenyon had been behaving dishonourably. Was it taking a mean advantage? Phoebe was taking a mean advantage.

And Peggy Fossall was not acting for herself. What mattered more in the world than love? Not only Mimi's happiness was at stake, but her honour, and perhaps the life of her mother.

These thoughts flashed through her brain with lightning-like rapidity. Not half-a-dozen seconds had passed since Basil don left the room.

She knelt beside the safe. She turned the key in the lock. The doors swung open silently. Her hand went out unerringly to the little drawer and she opened it.

There, on the top, were the papers Basil don had looked at. She held her breath as she opened them. Her hands were perfectly steady, her bright blue eyes had lost their colour, they were like golden flames now.

The letter—she glanced at it first; signed—Phoebe Kenyon. She just scanned the writing. . . . It was an agonised appeal.

"Yes, I confess it. . . . Pity and forgive me. . . . You know the life my husband led, he always kept me short of money. . . . I told him I was deeply indebted to Crusington, but he laughed. My account was overdrawn. In a moment of madness and rage I signed your name on one of my cheques. I intended to tell you afterwards. I hoped, as you were doing business for me, that you would look upon it as being merely borrowed, and I thought, too, that the shares I had purchased would rise; I could refund the money. . . . Pity and forgive me. . . ."

Peggy read no more. A whole minute had elapsed. At any moment Basil don might return. A cheque was pinned to the letter, she looked at it.

"Pay Crusington's, or order, the sum of six hundred pounds." The signature—Bramley Basil don. Even to Peggy, who did not know Bramley Basil don's signature, there was something queer about this, something a little shaky and feminine.

She heard a voice in the outer office. She was tempted for a moment. Tempted to "borrow" these incriminating documents, and with them confront Phoebe. Her fingers closed over them. But she couldn't do it. She couldn't steal.

She was behaving badly enough—to Bramley Basil don—as it was. But love was on the scales. She must win for the lovers.

(Continued on page 620.)

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PUBLIC ANNOUNCEMENT

THAT OUR ADVICES REGARDING

TRUNK 3rds

are bearing fruit to an unprecedented extent. We would refer you to the large displayed advertisement in "The Daily Telegraph," of January 23rd, the "Daily Chronicle" and all other leading daily papers, when we so confidently predicted a huge advance in the price of this issue on January 20th, at which time the Stock was obtainable at £53 12s. 6d. Since this date the Market has gone ahead, as evidenced by our further displayed announcements of Jan. 25th, when the price was 55½, and of Feb. 11th, the stock then being quoted at 55½. The quotation for the Stock is now

STRONG 58½ BUYERS

and without question going to 80

Since this advice was placed before you we have been inundated with testimonials written in most eulogistic terms, from thousands of satisfied clients and the general public who before we had never had the pleasure and privilege of transacting business with, and one has but to pause for one moment to consider that if there was the

SLIGHTEST ELEMENT

of doubt in our own minds as to the Stock advancing to such a marked extent as created the furor that has been shown over this security, we should not have had the temerity to insert such confident announcements as was the case.

If you have not already participated, do so without delay, for this is not like the but is, without the slightest doubt, good for a further 21½ point advance without delay.

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FACTS SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES

and for this simple reason we have referred you to advices that we absolutely hammered into readers

PUBLICLY

before the event, whereby acting on our exclusive advices and public announcements, which have in every particular instance without one solitary exception proved amazingly correct, not only correct but so colossal have the profits resulting been, whilst acting on this information, that thousands and thousands of clients and the public are in a state of utter astonishment at the immensity of the profits and also at the marvellous reliability of our advices.

Operators this year have already received over

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6,370 New Clients in 1911, and daily increasing. Without any Further Risk or Liability Whatever.

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A Remittance of £2	Secures	Call Option on	£500 Stock for 30 Days.
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Order Form for Trunk Third Stock.

To THE SECRETARY, THE EQUITABLE EXCHANGE, Empire House, Wormwood Street, London, E.C.

Sir,—I wish to secure Continental Call Option for Thirty Days on Trunk Third Stock, for which I enclose remittance value £ It is thoroughly understood that my liability is strictly limited to the amount enclosed.

Please forward receipt and contract as usual. Yours truly,

NAME (Rev., Mr., Mrs., Miss, or Title.)

P.W. ADDRESS

DATE Cheques, Money Orders, and Postal Orders crossed "National Provincial Bank of England."

—I will give a P.W. Match-box. Humour and originality count more than drawing. Mark postcards "Arms." (See p. 624.)

Quick as thought she took a sheet of paper from the bureau and scribbled the date of the cheque upon it. She made a few rough extracts from Phoebe's "confession" to Basildon.

Then, as she heard footsteps approaching, she bundled the letters and cheque back into the safe—there was not time to replace them in the drawer. They fell right at the back of the lower shelf.

Closing the safe she turned the key, tucked her precious "notes" into the bosom of her blouse, and, falling back into her chair, buried herself in the newspaper as Basildon entered.

He went straight to the telephone without looking at Peggy.

"Yes, the shares are quoted at twenty-four now; I'm afraid they'll go even lower. I shall really have to close down. . . . Very well. . . . I can't go into details now—"

Suddenly he swung round.

"Oh—I forgot! So sorry, Miss Fossall, please forgive me." He turned to the receiver again. "Yes, I am engaged—a client. Good-bye!" He rang off.

Peggy was trembling now. Her calmness had deserted her, her strength was gone. She scrunched the newspaper up into a ball, and jumping to her feet flung it away.

"I must go at once," she said in a high, staccato voice. "Why did you bring me here—I don't want any Tea—any Tea shares! Good-bye!"

He stared at her amazed. "Are you offended? I'm so sorry."

She dashed for the door. "I'm a little beast. I don't want ever to see you again. Good-bye!"

He jumped in front of her, barring the way. "No, you don't go like that."

His action frightened and sobered her. He was no longer a business man, the stockbroker, the clever, stupid fellow who would run a mile to avoid a woman.

"Miss Fossall, something's happened; tell me what it is."

She felt herself on the verge of tears. "Nothing's happened except that I'm—I'm a little cat. I'm ashamed of myself. I hate myself—but I had to do it—for their sakes. Let me go!"

"There's something I want to say to you—one day; perhaps I'd better say it now."

Instinct warned her then what it was he was going to say. She had played the game only too well. The colour mantled her cheeks, dyeing them scarlet, then disappeared, leaving them deadly white. She drew herself up and the blue eyes looked squarely in the brown eyes of the man.

"Mr. Basildon, open that door and let me go. I don't want to speculate, I don't want Rubber or Tea! I've—I've been playing the fool. That's all. But—"

He did not give an inch. He would not let her pass. The calm brown eyes remained fixed, steadfast on her face.

"You've been playing the fool?" He echoed her words thoughtfully. "We all do that, don't we, at

some time or other? You don't want Rubber or Tea? Then tell me what you do want, Miss Fossall?"

There was hardly intreaty in Basildon's voice; command rather. And Peggy was feeling rather frightened for the first time in her life. Not at what she had done—but at the effect it might have on Basildon . . . and what she had perhaps done to him.

He spoke so strangely now—with such deadly quiet and strength. He looked at her so queerly—just as she could imagine David speaking to and looking at Mimi.

She had saved them, she reminded herself. Tucked away in the bosom of her dress was the skeleton in Phoebe's cupboard. And there was not a moment to be lost. She was anxious to confront Phoebe—to silence her venomous tongue, and to make her set David free without an hour's delay.

"Let me go," she pleaded.

She raised her liquid blue eyes to his; she put out her hand and touched his hand.

And all the while she hated herself. And all the while she said to her conscience: "For Mimi's sake—and Betty Hume's!"

"Let me go—one day you will understand; I will explain . . . soon, quite soon, I'll come back and explain."

He hesitated. He forgot his surroundings, his business—he forgot everything for a few brief seconds.

He didn't know that love is the only thing that matters. Nature knows it—love is the only thing that matters to the mother of us all, and so every day she is revenged on blind man and wilful woman.

A girl's blue eyes held the soul of Bramley Basildon, stockbroker, in thrall.

"I must explain before you go—because I've frightened you. You've guessed my secret, and that's why you're running away like this—"

"No, no!"

"I love you, Peggy. . . . Oh, it may sound mad—"

"It is mad. . . . You don't love me—you'll hate me when you know me as I am. Quick, stand back. Someone is coming!"

The ruse succeeded. He stepped back from the door and Peggy seized the handle and turned it.

"Oh, I'm so sorry—and ashamed."

"I'm glad." He was magnificent. He was primeval—stupid, blundering, blind, perhaps, but strong—strong in his love, though it had come like a bolt from the blue, as he was strong in his business.

Peggy swept him with one final glance. And once again she felt that queer sensation creep from her toes right up her body to her sun-crowned head.

"I'm glad," he repeated, "because I love you. And I'm going to win you!"

She was opening the door, at his words she closed it again. He had not spoken as one making a vain boast. He meant it. He looked, too, as though he could do it!

"When you see me again, and know what I've done your love will be put to a test it won't recover from. Mr. Basildon! . . . But if it does—she caught her breath, her face grew scarlet—"If it does, then Peggy Fossall is your woman, if you want her!"

That instant she was gone, and Basildon was alone. He would have followed, but he was met by a row of clerks' curious faces in the outer office.

He closed the door and sat down before his bureau, and buried his head in his hands. Now that the confession had been made, and now that Peggy had gone, he was overcome by his own temerity.

He had not kept away from women because he feared love—he had never given it a thought—but because he instinctively feared the sex—and because they interfered with business, and his peace and comfort.

And now, without warning, he had fallen. He was in love. Peggy didn't care for him. That was obvious; how should she? Love might come to men suddenly. Women had to be wooed and won.

She was worth winning, that madcap, honest, sunshine girl. He would fight for her and win her.

Having made up his mind to this—though still amazed at the miracle that had happened—Bramley Basildon went on with the business of the day. But every now and then a vision rose up before him, refusing to be dismissed. And over and over again he found himself wondering to what test Peggy Fossall was going to put him—and why she had grown so suddenly afraid—and bolted.

The telephone, telegrams, and the tape machine kept him busy. Presently a clerk entered the room with a visitor's card.

"Mrs. Kenyon!"

(Another long and powerful instalment next week)

CLUBBING TO BUY LAND.

THERE is nothing new in a tenant purchasing his farm (says THE SMALLHOLDER), though it is probable true that never before has a whole estate been purchased by the tenants, forming a syndicate for this express purpose.

It will be remembered that Mr. Walter Long, M.P., some time ago announced his intention to sell his Wiltshire estates.

In order to secure the land for themselves the tenants formed, at the suggestion of Mr. Howard Frank, a well-known estate agent, a syndicate for the purpose of taking over the estate, and it is now reported that the whole of the estate will remain in the hands of the present tenants with the important difference that all the tenants now become their own landlords.

MARTIN'S MARRIAGE DOTS.

FIRST PRIZE - £25.

And 25 Consolation Gifts.

JOIN UP THE DOTS TO FORM MARTIN'S FACE.

We have pleasure in repeating the announcement of the competition prepared by Martin for the benefit of readers of P.W.

Opposite you will find a large number of dots. These dots, Martin informs us, can be made to form a portrait of himself. This portrait can be discovered by connecting the dots with straight lines, and you are invited to find out the proper method of linking up the dots so as to make the portrait appear.

Every dot is necessary to guide you in making up the picture, and must either terminate a line, or be the point of the angle formed by the meeting of lines. Every dot must be utilised. *Straight lines only must be used.* We give you three weeks in which to complete the portrait so that you have ample time to discover the solution of the mysterious picture.

To the reader who most correctly joins up the dots to produce Martin's portrait a prize of £25 will be awarded. Twenty-five consolation gifts will also be awarded to those readers who come nearest to the winner.

The prize of £25, Martin hopes, will be a help to the winner in setting up house; but if the prize is won by a father or mother he trusts that the money will be set aside as a marriage dot for their daughter, or as a wedding gift for their son.

Martin tells us that he proposes to award three other prizes of £25 each in a similar manner.

RULES FOR COMPETITORS.

1. When you have completed the portrait of Martin to your satisfaction, sign your name on the back in the space provided below, cut it out together with your portrait of Martin, and place it in an envelope addressed to the Editor, Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. No other communications are to be enclosed.
2. Mark your envelope "Martin No. 1." on the top left-hand corner.
3. Post your attempt to arrive not later than Thursday, March 30th.
4. To the reader who most correctly joins up the dots to show the portrait of Martin a marriage dot of £25 will be awarded. In the event of a tie this prize will be divided. Twenty-five consolation gifts will also be awarded to those who come nearest to the winner.
5. The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any envelope submitted.
6. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, and telegrams will be ignored.
7. The published decision is final, and competitors may enter on this understanding only.

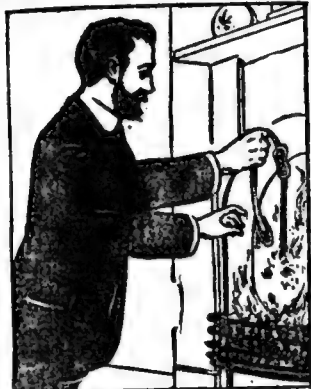
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Cure your Rupture and Burn your Truss.

perfect health and the glorious freedom of going about without a truss. Possibly you may have read about this wonderful cure in the newspapers. If you have or if you have not, you will be glad to let it be that Captain Collings offers to send to every sufferer from rupture full particulars of his marvellous discovery free of charge, so that they can cure themselves, as he was cured, and a hundred of others have been cured.

The nature of this wonderful cure is so simple that it is effected without pain or inconvenience. The ordinary occupations of life can be followed whilst it is acting, and it completely CURES—not merely relieves—so that trusses are no longer needed, the risk of surgical operations is abolished, and the affected part becomes as sound and as strong as ever it was before. Arrangements have been made so that all readers of Pearson's Weekly suffering from rupture will be supplied with full particulars of this invaluable discovery, without cost, and it is to be hoped that a whole host will avail themselves of this generous offer. Simply fill in and post the attached coupon, addressed as indicated, and the free test treatment will reach you a few hours afterwards.

FREE TEST COUPON.

Capt. W. A. COLLINGS and SONS (Box 621),
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Dear Sirs,—Send me Free the information and Test
that I may cure my Rupture.

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LI-NOLA Ease
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DAINTY DISHES.

Prune Sauce

Is good with any light suet pudding. Stew a quarter of a pound of prunes in a little water, add a piece of lemon-peel and a stick of cinnamon. When quite soft press through a wire sieve. Sweeten to taste, and serve.

Indian Pudding.

Is excellent for this season. Grease a pudding-dish and line it with a light suet crust. Put in alternate layers of sliced apples, quarters of orange, and pieces of figs. Scatter sugar over all and add a pinch of ginger. Cover with suet crust and boil for two hours. Turn out, and serve.

Russian Mince.

Cut one pound of cold meat into small pieces, also any cold vegetables, ham, bacon, or a suet pudding. Fry all in a little dripping, season highly with pepper, salt, finely-chopped onion, parsley, and a tablespoonful of vinegar. Stir all together over the fire, and serve very hot on toast.

Tapioca Gruel

Is most useful in some cases of illness. Take a heaped tablespoonful of tapioca, put it into a quart of cold water, and let it come slowly to boiling point, after which let it simmer slowly till the tapioca is very soft. Strain it, rejecting any tough pieces, and add, if liked, a little salt and cream.

Fried Beef Rashers.

Cut some slices of cold beef, roast or boiled, brush each over with ketchup, and season with pepper and salt. Fry some rashers of bacon, take them up, and in the fat fry the beef. Make a mould of mashed potatoes and arrange the slices of beef and bacon on it. Serve very hot. (Reply to DAPHNE.)

An Economical Stew.

Cut one pound and a half of gravy beef into small pieces as for a pie, dip each into flour, pepper, and salt, and put into a stewing-jar. Fill up with chopped vegetables, the greater variety the better, but no water. Add, if liked, a little powdered allspice. Put on the cover, tie it over with buttered paper, and set the jar in a moderate oven for about six hours. Serve very hot.

Stew of Cod Sounds.

Scald as many sounds as you require, clean them, and rub over with salt. Season some strong stock and simmer the fish till tender. When quite cooked add thickening made of a tablespoonful or more of flour, rubbed smooth with butter, and a little milk. Let all boil up again, add a little grated lemon-peel, nutmeg, and allspice, and serve very hot.

Edinburgh Pudding.

Mix a small teaspoonful of carbonate of soda with a quarter of a pound of flour, add one pound and a quarter of ground rice, and a quarter of a pound of suet. Slightly warm a teacupful of milk, add to it two tablespoonfuls of treacle, and a teacupful of red jam. Mix altogether, and pour into a greased mould. Cover with greased paper, and steam for an hour.

Boiled Breast of Mutton and Caper Sauce.

Trim off most of the fat and bone from the joint, mix together four tablespoonfuls of chopped sweet herbs, with a good seasoning of pepper and salt. Sprinkle this over the boned meat, make it into a roll, secure with string, tie in a cloth, and simmer gently for two hours. Drain, remove the string, and serve with caper sauce poured over. Garnish the dish with heaps of boiled carrots and turnips cut in slices. (Reply to ALVA, Leeds.)

Doctor's Soup.

Pick over and wash three ounces of rice and place it in a saucepan with one quart of water. Let this cook till the water is reduced to one pint, add a quart of milk, a little chopped onion and celery, a pinch of salt, and a suspicion of mace. Place the saucepan on the side of the stove, and simmer the soup till the vegetables are thoroughly cooked. Before serving add a lump of butter, rubbed into half an ounce of flour, and a teaspoonful of chopped parsley.

Batter Currant Pudding.

Six ounces of flour, four ounces of currants (picked and washed), two eggs, half a pint of milk, one teaspoonful of baking-powder, a pinch of salt. Mix the baking-powder and salt into the flour in a basin. Break the eggs and place in a hole in the middle and add the milk, then beat till all is a smooth batter. Pour into a well buttered baking tin, sprinkle the currants over, and bake in a moderate oven for half an hour. Turn out the pudding to serve, and cut it in squares. Serve with white sugar sifted over.

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—Vide "Lancet."

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is all that you need pay if you buy your bike from me, and for this small sum you can select a brand new 1911 SWIFT, BEACON, COVENTRY, CHALLENGE, TRIUMPH, PREMIER, PROGRESS, ROVER, REMINGTON, QUADRANT, CENTAUR, SINGER, or any other high-grade Coventry Cycle.

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Li-nola is like, and we are particularly anxious you should see these samples now, because there is certain to be one room in your house you are thinking of re-covering. Li-nola can be selected to match any scheme of decoration, and the designs are exclusive. It is, without doubt, the handsomest low-price floor-covering in the whole world, and it is specially designed for dining-rooms, drawing-rooms, bedrooms, chambers, and offices, and we can suit your means because of the low cost, our Easy System of Payment, or a discount of 2s. in the £ for cash.

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DAINTY DISHES.

Prune Sauce

Is good with any light suet pudding. Stew a quarter of a pound of prunes in a little water, add a piece of lemon-peel and a stick of cinnamon. When quite soft press through a wire sieve. Sweeten to taste, and serve.

Indian Pudding.

Is excellent for this season. Grease a pudding-dish and line it with a light suet crust. Put in alternate layers of sliced apples, quarters of orange, and pieces of figs. Scatter sugar over all and add a pinch of ginger. Cover with suet crust and boil for two hours. Turn out, and serve.

Russian Mince.

Cut one pound of cold meat into small pieces, also any cold vegetables, ham, bacon, or a suet pudding. Fry all in a little dripping, season highly with pepper, salt, finely-chopped onion, parsley, and a tablespoonful of vinegar. Stir all together over the fire, and serve very hot on toast.

Tapioca Gruel

Is most useful in some cases of illness. Take a heaped tablespoonful of tapioca, put it into a quart of cold water, and let it come slowly to boiling point, after which let it simmer slowly till the tapioca is very soft. Strain it, rejecting any tough pieces, and add, if liked, a little salt and cream.

Fried Beef Rashers.

Cut some slices of cold beef, roast or boiled, brush each over with ketchup, and season with pepper and salt. Fry some rashers of bacon, take them up, and in the fat fry the beef. Make a mould of mashed potatoes and arrange the slices of beef and bacon on it. Serve very hot. (Reply to DAPHNE.)

An Economical Stew.

Cut one pound and a half of gravy beef into small pieces as for a pie, dip each into flour, pepper, and salt, and put into a stewing-jar. Fill up with chopped vegetables, the greater variety the better, but no water. Add, if liked, a little powdered allspice. Put on the cover, tie it over with buttered paper, and set the jar in a moderate oven for about six hours. Serve very hot.

Stew of Cod Sounds.

Scald as many sounds as you require, clean them, and rub over with salt. Season some strong stock and simmer the fish till tender. When quite cooked add thickening made of a tablespoonful or more of flour, rubbed smooth with butter, and a little milk. Let all boil up again, add a little grated lemon-peel, nutmeg, and allspice, and serve very hot.

Edinburgh Pudding.

Mix a small teaspoonful of carbonate of soda with a quarter of a pound of flour, add one pound and a quarter of ground rice, and a quarter of a pound of suet. Slightly warm a teacupful of milk, add to it two tablespoonfuls of treacle, and a teacupful of red jam. Mix altogether, and pour into a greased mould. Cover with greased paper, and steam for an hour.

Boiled Breast of Mutton and Caper Sauce.

Trim off most of the fat and bone from the joint, mix together four tablespoonfuls of chopped sweet herbs, with a good seasoning of pepper and salt. Sprinkle this over the boned meat, make it into a roll, secure with string, tie in a cloth, and simmer gently for two hours. Drain, remove the string, and serve with caper sauce poured over. Garnish the dish with heaps of boiled carrots and turnips cut in slices. (Reply to ALVA, Leeds.)

Doctor's Soup.

Pick over and wash three ounces of rice and place it in a saucepan with one quart of water. Let this cook till the water is reduced to one pint, add a quart of milk, a little chopped onion and celery, a pinch of salt, and a suspicion of mace. Place the saucepan on the side of the stove, and simmer the soup till the vegetables are thoroughly cooked. Before serving add a lump of butter, rubbed into half an ounce of flour, and a teaspoonful of chopped parsley.

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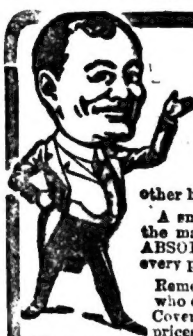
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Wireless Messages

HURRY UP FOR THE CUP FINAL.

We are almost within sight of the great football matches which are to decide the destinies of the Scottish and English Cups for the present season. In fact, so close have we come to these final ties that we are now in the concluding stages of the competitions by which 150 readers are being selected to view these famous matches.

On another page of this week's P.W. you will find that I am announcing the last contest for the Scottish Final, and that this week also is the last but one week of the contest by which you may secure a free invitation to the English Cup Final at the Crystal Palace.

Seldom has P.W. offered more attractive prizes than these free trips. Not only will your railway fare and reserved seats in the grand stand be provided, but you will be entertained in numerous other ways which will make the day and the outing linger long and happily in your memory.

Don't miss this final opportunity of taking part in our hospitality.

For the Scottish Final I am offering twelve tickets (six pairs) this week; and for the English Final ten tickets (five pairs). One of these pairs may be yours if you try. So turn at once to the Football Headers' page and enter now. You may be one of our fortunate guests.

SPECIAL TO SCOTTISH READERS!

This week Scottish competitors in the Football Competition will notice a new condition which prohibits coupons bearing Scottish addresses from winning prizes. This is because the Crown Counsel has notified us that he considers the Football Competition to be illegal in Scotland. As we naturally have every wish to conform with the Scottish interpretation of the law in this matter, we have agreed to the suggestion made by the authorities at Edinburgh, and inserted this clause which, however, does not debar Scottish readers with English addresses from competing.

THIS WON'T DO!

EVERY now and then I come across examples of amazing ingenuity displayed by persons who seem to imagine it is only necessary to say nice things to me about the paper in order to win a prize in one of the competitions. I have before me a very striking example of this sort of thing, and it is only my dislike of being rough on people that keeps me from publishing the man's full name and address. I am glad to note, however, that both his name and his writing are distinctly foreign. This is the way he endeavours to ingratiate himself:

"Dear Editor:

"Just a note to you in regard to your Free Trip to either of the Finals. I am trying the word Celtic, and if I be successful with my answer, I want your kind permission to allow me to write a letter to your valuable paper, for which I have been a reader for a considerable time. I think it is but right that we, as the people who will be successful, should do something in return. Of course, there will be plenty, however, who would not be able to do what I think, for myself. I am one of the Scottish referees, and it will give me great pleasure to write an article on the Final of the Scottish Cup to be played at Hampden Park. I would like, if you will drop me a note by return and let me know what you think of the idea, my answer to CEL which I am sending along in another letter is 'Can't endure loosing.'" (The spelling is his. —Ed.)

This is a trifle thin, my friend. And it may interest you to know that there exists an unwritten condition in all competitions that any attempt to influence the judgment of the Editor in this contemptible fashion results in the competitor's entry being automatically disqualified.

THE "GODS."

THEATRE-GOERS may have wondered with AMPHI why it is that those who sit in the gallery are spoken of as "the gods."

The reason may be, AMPHI, that it used to be a universal custom to paint the roof of the theatre to represent the heavens. But it must not be forgotten that, in earlier days, the pit and the gallery together could make or mar the reputation of the play. For this reason actors and playwrights used to speak of the galleryites as "the gods."

"WHY DID THE COAL SCUTTLE?"

MANY of you are no doubt anxious to know the replies which won prizes in the Footline Contest in which this question was asked. Well, here are some of the cleverest answers received, and after reading them, I think you will agree that they show the senders to possess a clever wit:

Why did the Coal Scuttle?

Because the Flames "licked" it.

Because the Fire would go "out."

Because it saw the Sofa ready for a "spring."

Because it didn't like the "Hearth's tone."

Because the Poker "stirred."

Because it saw the carman given the "sack."

Because the cinders made "tracks."

No wonder, as the question suggested, the "Coal Scuttled."

HAREM SKIRTS AND PARLIAMENT.

THIS is not a paragraph about Suffragettes, but has reference to the Footline Contest in which ladies were invited to answer the question, "Why is a Harem Skirt like the Houses of Parliament?"

As on former occasions, I must once more compliment my lady readers on the skill they have shown in the replies submitted.

One very clever answer was to the effect that a Harem skirt was like the Houses of Parliament

A SERIES OF SERIALS.

There are a certain number of persons who do not care to read a long serial story as it appears week by week, yet who want something more substantial than the ordinary short complete story. Occasionally short serials appear in various papers, extending over eight or ten weeks, but until now no systematic departure has been made from the usual methods.

Pearson's now proposes to strike out in a fresh line and to inaugurate an entirely new feature in modern journalism by publishing **A SERIES OF SERIALS.**

The first of these stories will start next week, and will be complete in three numbers. The second will appear in the August Bank Holiday Number, and will be complete in six numbers. After that a new serial will start in the first week of every month, so that in the year you will get twelve short serials.

A tremendous amount of labour and money has been involved in arranging this innovation, but we are enthusiastic about its success, and are convinced that our readers will appreciate it. Each story has been well and carefully chosen, and forms the best work of each author who is contributing to this novel series.

"because it covers the 'supports' of the 'constitution.'"

Another reader found the likeness between the two in the fact that "the 'members' of the controlling body occupy different compartments."

"Because the Press tears both to pieces," was the terse reply of a third competitor; while a fourth lady aptly remarked that the similarity lay in the fact that "ladies are never seen in them to advantage."

Perhaps the cleverest reply of all was that received from a reader who expressed the opinion that a Harem skirt must be like Parliament, "because in them ladies are often most unbecomingly turned out."

You will find the names of the winners of the Footline Contests on Page 3 of the red cover.

A "SHADY" FATHER-IN-LAW.

THERE is a note of tragedy underlying the letter of FUTURUS, who writes: "I recently became engaged to a girl who possess my unbounded love and respect. I have since discovered that my prospective father-in-law is mixed up with a lot of minor undertakings which, though not actually coming within the pale of the Criminal Law, are yet what the average decent man would call 'sharp practices.' Now I am quite sure that my sweetheart knows nothing of all this; but the awkward question arises—ought I to break off my engagement?"

I see no real reason why you should do so, FUTURUS. On the other hand, you can hardly break the bread of a man whose honesty you suspect. Your position is a very awkward one. I should suggest that you refrain from going to your sweetheart's house. If she asks your reason, tell her the truth. She is certain to appreciate your point of view.

THE KING'S TEA-PARTY.

THE important announcement that his Majesty King George has graciously decided to entertain 100,000 children to tea at the Crystal Palace during the Coronation festivities is one more proof of his Majesty's interest in and sympathy with the Fresh Air Fund.

It is only two years ago that his Majesty, then Prince of Wales, himself journeyed to Epping Forest to see a large party of F.A.F. slum children enjoying a day's outing, and since his accession he signified his gracious intention of becoming the patron of the Fresh Air Fund.

Now in his latest act of kindness to the slum children, he has chosen, as members of the Committee which will arrange and superintend the duties of the enormous banquet, both Sir John Lubbock, Vice-President of the Fresh Air Fund, and Ernest Kessell, the Fund's indefatigable Honorary Secretary and Treasurer.

In broad outline the scheme which is likely to be followed by the committee is to allot a certain number of invitations to each of the elementary schools within the London County area, the number of children invited from each school being in proportion to the total number of scholars. Head teachers will be asked to assist the organising committee in the impartial choice of the children.

For the purpose of conveying the children to the Palace, London will be divided into districts, and mustering-places will be appointed at which the parties from the different schools must assemble.

The work could hardly be in better hands, and everyone will await, with keen interest, the first details of the King's Coronation Children's Tea.

DON'T WORRY.

HERE is an exceedingly interesting question, LABORANS wants to know: "Which form of mental work is most expensive to the worker?"

It is generally considered, LABORANS, that ten hours hard mental labour exhausts the vital force as much as ten hours manual labour. This is chiefly because the brain cells are more quickly exhausted, and take longer to recuperate than those which govern muscular activity. But there are two distinct kinds of mental concentration. There is the work of the scientist and the work of the editor of a big daily paper just going to press. The work of the latter would be infinitely more expensive to the worker, because it necessarily entails an amount of worry. And it is worry that kills. Sir Isaac Newton and Charles Darwin were both men of delicate health. Yet they accomplished an enormous amount of work simply because they were able to do it without worry.

RULES FOR FOOTLINE COMPETITIONS.

1. All answers or attempts must be written on postcards, addressed to the Editor, Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. No other communications must appear on these cards.
2. You may take part in any number of these footline competitions, but your reply to each must be written on a separate postcard.
3. Mark each postcard with the name of the competition for which it is intended in the top left-hand corner. You will find this name in the announcement of the competition in the footline.
4. All attempts must arrive not later than Thursday, March 23rd.
5. Each competition will be judged separately, and the prizes, as announced in the footlines, will be awarded to the efforts considered the best.
6. In the event of ties for a money prize, the prize will be divided, and, where the awards are gifts, the prizes will be given to the competitors whose postcards bear the earliest postal dates.

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Results of Footline Competitions.

"GRAMMO" CONTEST.

SENTENCES, in which every word was to be ungrammatical, but of which the meaning should be reasonably correct, were invited in this contest. The winning entry reads: "Those is them what says as her be better nor us be, nor her weren't no betterer nor us." This was submitted by W. J. Flatman, 41 Elm Road, Handsworth, Birmingham, to whom a prize of half-a-guinea has been sent.

"PROOF" CONTEST.

READERS were invited to supply the most clearly stated proofs that two and two make four. Five answers have been forwarded to the following:

1. Follett, Hermia, Winton, Bournemouth; T. H. A. Dudley Port, Tipton; A. Macleod, 68 Regent, Dundee; W. Nicholson, Radwell Avenue, North; W. H. Whitcombe, 9 Hughes St., Miskin, Wigan Ash.

"LATE" CONTEST.

ASKED readers in this contest to invent new excuses for clerks who arrive late at the office. The novel ideas were suggested by the following five competitors, who each receive a match-box:

1. Craig, 2 Moira Ter., Jock's Lodge, Edinburgh; 2. Doyle, 4 Myddelton Sq., E.C.; C. Hopkins, 190 High Rd., Gillingham, Kent; Sergt. Hunt, 16th Regt., Weodan; S. A. Wright, Ordnance Survey, London Rd., Redhill.

"SCUTTLE" CONTEST.

IN this contest the question was asked, "Why did the coal scuttle?" Penknives have been awarded to the following twenty-five readers whose answers were considered the best:

1. W. Bishop, 57 Warwick Rd., Kenilworth; W. T. Heathwaite, 48 Gillingate, Kendal; A. Brown, 6 Montagu Rd., Newcastle, Glasgow; A. M. Carnegie, 55 Central Avenue, Shawlands, Glasgow; J. Close, White House, Brandon, Durham; D. Doyle, 10 Morehampton Rd., Donnybrook, Dublin; H. H. Evans, 45 New Rd., Newtown, N.W.; W. Gillespie, jun., 1 Walker Place, Aberdeen; W. Goodwin, 11 Sedgemere Villas, E. Finchley; A. Gosland, 154 Bellfield St., Glasgow; Mrs. Ballum, 371 Grove Green Rd., Leytonstone; Miss F. Hancock, 98 Colum Rd., Cardiff; H. Hernden, Bearstead, Maidstone; R. W. Holdsworth, 5 East View,

High Green Rd., Altofts; G. W. Pickering, 35 Paton St., Leicester; T. Rae, Abbey Rd., New Scone; T. Rose, 26 Player St., Ryde, I. of W.; Mrs. F. Seccombe, The Strand, Southend-on-Sea; G. Sidwell, 21 High St., Sutton Coldfield; F. Sligh, 21 Farson's Lane, Bury; W. Stevenson, 4 Annetwell St., Carlisle; E. G. Suthers, 65 Chapel St., Petersfield; Mrs. E. Ward, 53 Birkhall Rd., Catford; Miss E. Woodard, 41 Sunderland St., Brandon Colliery, Durham; S. A. Wright, 11 Monson Rd., Redhill.

"LETTER" CONTEST.

IN this contest readers were required to construct sentences in which each word began and ended with the same letter. The ten pencil-cases for the best and longest similar sentences have been awarded to the following competitors:

Miss C. E. Connold, 23 Beaufort Rd., Gravelly Hill, Birmingham; T. Dean, 10 Burchell Grove, Hyde Park, Leeds; J. Eysal, Keith; Mrs. J. M. Ferguson, Aldersyde, Dunoon; S. H. Harvey, 18 St. Hubert's Rd., Gt. Harwood, Blackburn; J. Linley, Misterton, Gainsboro'; T. A. S. Moorhead, Roseneath, Acondale Rd., Luton; A. Rutter, South Burns, Chester-le-Street; R. B. Spears, 12 Kelvingrove St., Glasgow; Mrs. M. J. Watts, Wynhol, Linden Rd., Gloucester.

"SPOKEN" CONTEST.

For the best sentences, in which the first word consisted of one letter, the second of two letters, the third of three, and so on, five safety razors were offered. The winners are as follows:

J. Hesketh, 148 Gloucester Rd., Bootle, Liverpool; R. Langridge, Ham Hill, Snodland, Kent; J. C. Lusk, Bolton, Haddington; G. Owen, 102c Woodside St., Coatbridge; Mrs. J. Swaine, The Clock Tower, St. James's Palace.

"HAREM" CONTEST.

LADIES were invited to answer the question, "Why is a harem skirt like the Houses of Parliament?" The ten best replies were received from the following, each of whom receives a pair of scissors:

Miss A. Beane, 9 Rensselaer Rd., Walthamstow; Mrs. Browne, 47 Wilton St., Glasgow; Mrs. A. Ferguson, 81 Prince Edward St., Glasgow; Mrs. S. Harris, 2 Prospect Ter., Sholden, Deal; Mrs. J. Lloyd, 74 Brayards Rd., Peckham; Miss L. Parker, Walworth Castle, Darlington; Miss N. Parker, 83 Trafalgar Rd., Lancaster; Mrs. Peacock, Kirkland Rd., Darvel, Ayrshire; Miss L. M. Reason, 102 Orlando St., Bolton; Mrs. Walters, 28 Mount Pleasant Rd., Tottenham.

Football Skill Competition.

RESULT OF CONTEST No. 22.

IN this contest readers were invited to forecast the results of football matches played on Saturday, March 4th. The prize of £25 has been divided by the following competitors, who had each only three incorrect results: A. PADGETT, 71 Arden Street, Earlsdon, Coventry; NURSE A. WILSON, Finsbury Nursing Home, Burton; MRS. PHILLIPS, Manor Road, Guildford; H. BURTON, 12 Bendamere Road, Putney; MRS. A. BUTCHER, Slate Cottage, Winchelsea Road, Rye, Essex.

Result of "Fishing" Limerick.

THE prize of £5 for the best last line in this contest has been awarded to T. WILD, 5 Khartoum Road, Ipswich, for the following:

One morning our old Uncle Guy
When fishing one day in the Wye;
He cast in his hook,
The float suddenly shook—
"They 'shake before taking,'" said I.

Ten consolation gifts of 10s. each have been sent to the following:

Mrs. Barlow, Underhill Cottage, Heswall; J. Furber, 1 Victoria Bldgs., Penkull, Stoke; A. Haycock, 53 Bescot St., Walsall; Miss E. Jones, 15 Hillfield Rd., Sparkhill, Wore.; J. Jones, 23 Tenyson St., Swindon; J. Macaulay, Alexandra Ave., Yoker; Miss Reeves, 60 Oakley St., Camden Town; S. St. Leonard, Marsh Leaze, Stonehouse, Glos.; H. W. Smith, 212 Ladywood Rd., Birmingham; E. J. Wigley, Par Station, Cornwall.

Football Headers.

"ENGLISH CUP" TICKETS.

THE Football Headers on "Manchester United" selected as the best, together with the names and addresses of the winners, were as follows:

MANCHESTER UNITED: "Able" Means "Not-able," Sent by C. F. ACQUIER, 8 Woodville St., Woolwich; who nominated Miss E. M. WHITE, 96 Powis St., Woolwich.

MANCHESTER UNITED: Alert! No Meanderers. Sent by W. A. THOMAS, 22 Leyton Road, Handsworth, Staffs; who nominated MRS. G. B. THOMAS of same address.

MANCHESTER UNITED: Mercury's Ankles Nowhere. Sent by F. FITZGERALD, The Kangle, Haverhill; who nominated E. W. GIBBS, jun., Haverhill.

MANCHESTER UNITED: Makes Nonagenarians Animated. Sent by S. HUTCHINGS, 38 St. George's Avenue, Forest Gate; who nominated J. HUTCHINGS of same address.

"SCOTTISH CUP" TICKETS.

THE Football Headers on "Celtic" selected as the best, together with the names and addresses of the winners, were as follows:

CELTIC: Large Electro-plate Collection. Sent by WILL WHYTE, Burnside, Slamanan; who nominated JOHN WAUGH, North Arncliffe Farm, Slamanan.

CELTIC: Early Locate Custodian. Sent by J. SUTHERLAND, 47 Tollcross Road, Parkhead, Glasgow; who nominated S. CHRISTIE, 528 Tollcross Road, Glasgow.

CELTIC: Long Experience Counts. Sent by J. M'LEISH, 49 Dalmeny Street, Leith; who nominated A. SWAN, 7 Halmre Street, Leith.

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PORATION, LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London,
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will be paid by the above Corporation to the
legal representative of any person killed by
an accident in Great Britain or Ireland to the
passenger train in which the deceased was
travelling as a passenger (including post office servants in
railway sorting vans), and who, at the time of such accident,
had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this
page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signa-
ture, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot.
This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as
the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum shall be paid to the
legal representative of such person injured, should death result
from such accident within three calendar months thereafter,
and that notice of the accident be given within three days
of its occurrence.

In the event of a person, not being a railway
servant on duty, nor a suicide, nor engaged in an
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Weekly on him, or her, at the time of being killed
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the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS, whether the coupon
be signed or not, provided notice in every case be given to THE
OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED,
36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., within seven days from
the occurrence of the accident.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to the legal representa-
tive of any cyclist who meets his death by accident while
actually riding a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of
such accident had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance
Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or
her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space
provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four
hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to
the said Corporation at above address within three days of its
occurrence. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of
abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to the legal representa-
tive of anyone dying as the direct and sole result of injuries
inflicted upon him (or her) within the United Kingdom by a
falling aeroplane, provided that death occurs within twenty-
four hours from the receipt of the injuries, that he (or she)
shall prior to the accident have signed this Coupon-Insurance-
Ticket in the space provided at the foot, that he (or she) shall
not at the time be on the aeroplane nor engaged in aeronautics,
and that notice of the accident be given to the Corporation
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Available from 9 a.m. Wednesday, March 15th, 1911,
until midnight, Thursday, March 23rd, 1911.

COMING HOLIDAYS, 1911.	MARCH.	APRIL.	MAY.	JUNE.	Lighting Up Time for this Week.
Good Friday . April 14.	M 5 12 19 26	M 8 9 16 23 30	M 7 14 21 28	M 4 11 18 25	Mar. 17 ... 7.5
Easter Monday . April 17.	M 6 13 20 27	M 9 10 17 24	M 8 15 22 29	M 5 12 19 26	" 18 ... 7.6
Whitsun Monday . June 5.	T 7 14 21 28	T 4 11 18 25	T 9 10 17 24 31	T 6 13 20 27	" 19 ... 7.8
Bank Holiday . August 7.	W 8 15 22 29	W 5 12 19 26	W 10 17 24 31	W 7 14 21 28	" 20 ... 7.9
Christmas Day December 25.	T 9 10 17 24 31	T 6 13 20 27	T 4 11 18 25	T 8 15 22 29	" 21 ... 7.11
Boxing Day . December 26.	F 10 17 24 31	F 7 14 21 28	F 5 12 19 26	F 9 10 17 24	" 22 ... 7.13
	S 4 11 18 25	S 8 15 22 29	S 6 13 20 27	S 3 10 17 24	" 23 ... 7.15

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To sport would be as tedious as to work."

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Next week's "Smallholder," March 25th, is specially devoted to Poultry, and as there is sure to be a big demand for it you will do well to secure your copy early.

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